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TIME

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Conservative Senator Jesse Helms

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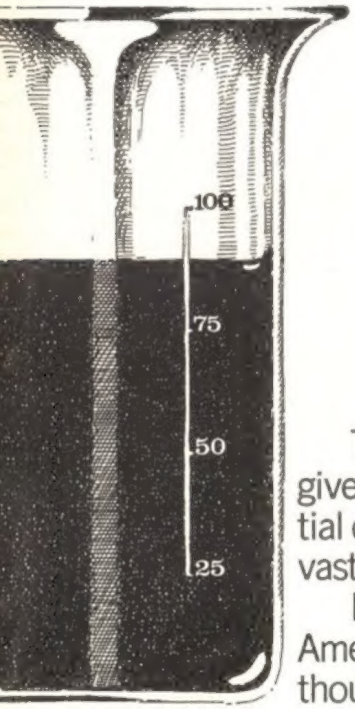

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There are no easy answers.

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SEPTEMBER 14, 1981 Vol. 118 No. 11 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Though the movement has become widely known as the New Right, the resurgence of conservative American politics draws much of its strength from some familiar—if not downright old-fashioned—values. For the three-man team that reported this week's cover story on conservative Senator Jesse Helms, the assignment involved a return to familiar ground as well. Atlanta Bureau Chief Joseph Boyce set out to reconstruct Helms' early political background by interviewing the Senator's friends and associates in the North Carolina capital of Raleigh and in Helms' boyhood home of Monroe. Boyce was well suited to assess the small-town rhythms of Monroe, with its old courthouse dominating the square and its passion for politics; he was reared in the very similar town of Danville, Ill., seat of the legendary Speaker of the House Joe Cannon. Says Boyce: "Politics aside, I could understand why those who knew Helms as a youth still speak of him with a pride that is only a touch vicarious. Conservatism is deeply rooted in towns like Monroe. For Helms to be other than he is would be to renounce his heritage."

BURNETT—CONTACT

Kane, right, interviews Helms in private plane

Los Angeles Correspondent Joseph Kane was no stranger to Helms' home-grown style of politics either. Kane, who served as Atlanta bureau chief from 1970 to 1973, covered Helms during his first Senate campaign in 1972 and at the Republican convention last year. This time Kane spent five days with Helms at home and on the job and accompanied him to a Sunday-morning church service. Kane was treated to some Southern hospitality when he joined the Senator and some of his cronies for shrimp jambalaya, poker and stories at the Raleigh antebellum mansion of North Carolina Superior Court Judge Pou Bailey. Kane found the evening "fun but unprofitable": he lost $1.10.

Senior Correspondent John Stacks spoke with Helms' colleagues on Capitol Hill and journeyed to Raleigh to profile the Congressional Club, his extraordinary money machine. Observes Stacks: "What is most fascinating about Helms is the unique amalgam of the old and the new in American politics that he represents. His personal style, his elaborate politeness and his reactionary ideals are out of an earlier era of Southern politics. Yet his political apparatus is the very essence of the new, nonparty politics of high technology."

John a. Meyer

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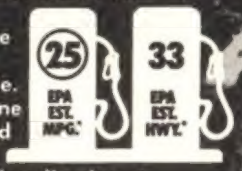

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Letters

Planner Rouse

To the Editors:

Jim Rouse [Aug. 24] is an astute, humane and endearing businessman; Baltimore is a city of vitality and promise. The amalgam is irresistible.

W. Ralph Snyder
Marlton, N.J.

I visited my home town of Baltimore a couple of months ago and was amazed at the rejuvenation of the downtown area and the pride among Baltimoreans. I thought the plane must have dropped me off at the wrong city.

Robin L. Hornstein
Plantation, Fla.

James Rouse is truly a "master planner"—he epitomizes what is needed in community development today: a marriage of bold, inventive private enterprise with planning that is sensitive to people and their needs and to the protection and beautification of our environment.

Irving Hand, President
American Planning Association
Washington, D.C.

A trip to Baltimore's Harborplace is no more rewarding than or different from a trip to Santa Monica Place or the Mall in Columbia, Md. Blindfold a stranger and take him into any of these areas, and he will not be able to tell the difference. They sell the same products from the same stores. Baltimore and other cities replanned in this way cannot exist forever on weekend sales of Day-Glo plastic planters and kites.

Mike Saint-Just
Alexandria, Va.

Meaning of an Oath

I have looked in vain for the overriding moral issues that would cause the air controllers to break their oaths not to strike [Aug. 24]. Today there are so many "good" excuses to ignore inconvenient constrictions of honor that only a fool lets such a matter interfere with a clever tax return, an increase in profits or a successful strike.

Geoffrey Pitts
Barboursville, Va.

If Americans found King George III wrong in his notion that oaths are binding even in the face of injustices, President Reagan is wrong to expect air-traffic controllers and other public employees to work as second-class citizens when they are denied the collective-bargaining practices that are granted to other employee groups in the U.S.

Joseph H. Acorn
Alamo, Calif.

We have all broken oaths, promises, vows when it suited us.

Anita Doggett
Alexandria, La.

Reagan's Vacation

The fuss over President Reagan's four-week "vacation" [Aug. 24], which appears to be liberally sprinkled with official duties, is ludicrous. It was Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis who said that he could do twelve months' work in eleven months, but not twelve months' work in twelve months. A periodic break from the rigors of work is not a luxury, it is necessary.

Margaret Page Albrecht
Cambridge, Mass.

It is comforting that in this plastic and synthetic age, the American people are being led by a man who prefers to spend some time in simple work and private communication with nature. It seems unreal that munching canapés in the Hamptons (wherever that is) would be preferable to the glories of the out-of-doors.

Janie Ray
Channing, Texas

"Ah Wilderness" is the cheekiest report TIME has written on Reagan. Bravo! After 200-plus days of presidential honeymoon and vacation it's time we turn the other cheek. As a small-business owner in a building construction–related field, I can't afford even a three-day vacation.

Mary Myers
Tucson

Recognizing Nurses

As a registered nurse I applaud your article "Florence Nightingale Wants You" [Aug. 24]. The public, as well as many physicians, should realize nurses are intelligent, problem-solving professionals—not just bedpan pushers.

Loretta Butterfield-Miner
Sayre, Pa.

Hospitals can raise salaries and increase the perks, but that will not significantly change the shortage of nurses. Studies have shown that it is respect for the profession that nurses desperately want. Why can't doctors realize that we both have jobs to do and neither profession can do the other's job?

Nancy Kennedy Barnett, R.N.
Cincinnati

I am offended by the statement that "registry nurses are often incompetent." I am a registered nurse with a master's degree; the hospital in which I work, through a nurses' registry, is lucky to have me. Not only am I a competent nurse, I also work the shift and days most "staff nurses" don't want.

Gloria K. Watson, R.N.
La Mirada, Calif.

Certainly nurses need more money. But the nursing profession has serious internal problems that cannot be resolved by money. A dichotomy among nurses has resulted from the fact that many training programs have been taken over by universities. They push their degree programs since they are in that business. Somehow, many of their graduates come into nursing believing that they already know so much medicine that they have failed professionally if they are still taking care of patients three or four years later. Hospital nursing schools, on the other hand, have traditionally taught that patient care is a noble end in itself.

Shelley Walker, R.N.
Des Moines

Hair Combing

I take exception to the interpretation in the book review of *Presidential Anecdotes* [Aug. 24] of John Quincy Adams' remark, "Well, I suppose she combs yours now," as indicating a lack of small talk. In its day it would have been an apt and humorous response. In the 18th or 19th century, to "comb one's hair" or to "comb one's head" meant to scold.

Mary Harbinsky
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

The State University of New York at Oswego, proud possessor of thousands of the papers of our most underrated President, Millard Fillmore, rises once more to his defense. There is a quotation much more representative of the true Fillmore than the one used. In declining the honorary degree from Oxford University, he said, "I had not the advantage of a classical education, and no man should, in my judgment, accept a degree that he cannot read." How many honorary degrees the world would have been spared if others had followed his example!

Albert C. Leighton
Professor of History
SUNY, Oswego

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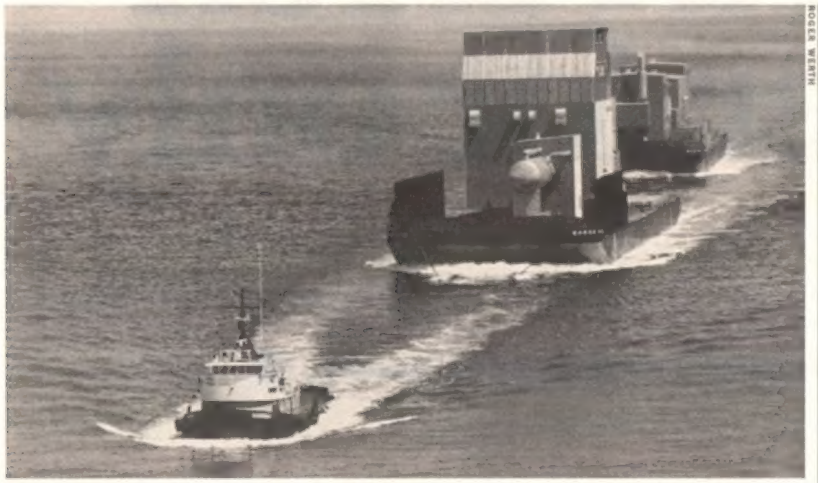
Off Alaska: A Race Through the Arctic Ice



ROGER WERTH

Tugboat hauling two barges laden with oil-drilling equipment from the Pacific Northwest

Even at night the aluminum sky gleams to every corner. To the south, a light swivels its beam around lonely Alaska, 300 miles north of the Arctic Circle and barely 1,400 miles from the North Pole. Five hundred yards to the north, an iceberg, bleached turquoise by the cold and shaped like a baby's cradle, rocks along. There is no driftwood or trash in the freezing Beaufort Sea. Nature all but forbade man to sail in this place, and Captain Walt Kardonsky knows it.

The skipper of the 9,000-hp. ocean-going tug *Cavalier* and his crew of seven are part of a convoy of tugs and barges making the hazardous trip from the Pacific Northwest to the oilfields around Prudhoe Bay in Alaska. Once a year, for up to six weeks, the Arctic ice pack crumbles away from the Alaskan coast, giving the oil companies their only chance to transport equipment too large to be carried by airplane or truck from Anchorage, more than 600 miles to the south. In 1975, when the entire fleet was trapped in the ice, the scheduled opening of the trans-Alaska oil pipeline was threatened. This year Atlantic Richfield's Arco unit is relying on the convoy to deliver machinery needed to begin drilling on the Kuparuk oilfield, 40 miles west of Prudhoe Bay. If it does not arrive safely, the lower 48 states will lose the 80,000 bbl. of oil per day that the field should yield from early in 1982.

Each of the seven red-funneled tugs belonging to San Francisco's Crowley Maritime Corp. is towing two barges. The loads are the heaviest and tallest ever. From a distance, the grumbling 136-ft.-long tugs look as if they are pulling an entire city across the top of the world. Welded to the deck of one of the barges is a ten-story-high compressor building that will be used to help reinject gas beneath the ground. It looks like a modest cathedral and is trailed by a second barge carrying a fully assembled drilling complex that will house a web of pipes rising from 36 different wells. Cargo aboard the 14 barges is worth around $170 million, and the oil companies are paying about $10 million to transport it.

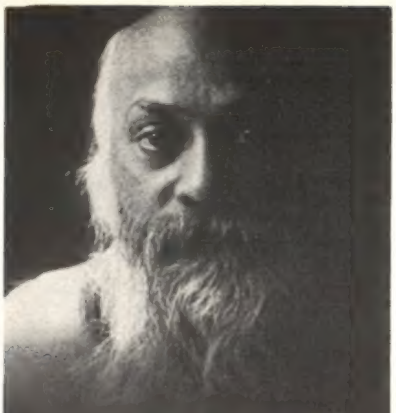
Embarking from Seattle, the *Cavalier* plows north through the stomach-turning swells of the Gulf of Alaska and the whipping gales of Bristol Bay. It squirts through the Bering Strait and after two weeks reaches the most perilous leg of the 3,200-mile journey: the 270-mile trip from Wainwright on the western flanks of northern Alaska to Prudhoe Bay. Here the tugs putter along at four to five knots, creeping above shoals that, in places, lie only 5 ft. beneath hulls still weighted down with 100,000 gal. of diesel fuel. Kardonsky, 56, looks up from his charts with a shy grin: "Sometimes it's so shallow your ulcers start chewing each other."

He has been at the helm for more than 24 hr., trying to stay in "good water." His eyes dart with worry as the *Cavalier* passes points that were mapped with sailors' lives: Icy Cape, Skull Cliff, Deadman's Island. Legs braced, he peers at the radar as Second Mate Rod Doe, 22, calls out compass bearings. Half a mile in front, another tug, *Navigator*, comes across shallow water and its tow chains drag along the bottom, kicking up swirling brown puffs of gravel and mud. Minutes later, when *Cavalier's* tow chains drag, the entire boat shudders and bucks like a horse suddenly reined tight. The crew grimaces, for the rough sand and gravel can grind even 2¼-in. steel tow wires into whiskers.

A gentle tweak of a steel wheel not much bigger than a silver dollar points *Cavalier's* snout in a fresh direction with the ease of a Cadillac swinging into a country-club driveway. Wooden helms are fast becoming museum pieces, like so many vestiges of wind-sailing days. Crews no longer wash their clothes in deck buckets, they toss them in washers and dryers. Gone are the iceboxes and worries about the food spoiling.

But the crew is wary of modern navigational instruments, preferring to depend on triangles, protractors and geometry lessons of old. The hydraulic steering mechanism, for example, allows *Cavalier* to be guided by automatic pilot, but no one trusts it for work in shallow waters. Says Seaman Aaron Hairston, 33: "If you had an accident while you were on autopilot, you'd never be able to look at the water in your bathtub again." To the crew, the white-boxed computer, which winks out positions and readings from information beamed by a satellite, is a dunce. More often than not compass beats machine.

More threatening than the shallow Arctic waters is the ice; it can punch holes in sturdy tugs and treat barges like pincushions. The passing floes can make a landsman as giddy as a child finding shapes in clouds. He sees ironing boards and beached seaplanes and dolphin tails and animals that guard the doors of ancient Egyptian tombs. But to the *Cavalier's* crew, there is nothing fanciful about these floating hulks. The ice is fragile from the summer, and if the tug sails too close, its wake can make the bergs crack or explode. Depending on the density of the



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American Scene

floes, Kardonsky will take anywhere from a day to three weeks to sail between Wainwright and Prudhoe Bay.

No sooner had *Cavalier* and the rest of the fleet left Seattle than Sparky Borgert, 62, who once sailed with Kardonsky, rattled off a corrugated iron runway at Point Barrow and began tracking the shifting ice from a small plane. As Crowley Maritime's "chief iceman," Borgert decides when to allow the convoy to sail through the floes: "We've got to have an avenue wide enough that we feel confident the barges won't get destroyed. Then we'll get 'em running like scared rabbits." Every day (and usually twice a day) for more than two weeks, Borgert has been combing the coast from a low-flying Beechcraft. "The ice changes so quickly it's impossible to predict," he observes. "I used to use notebooks and refer to them, but they're useless. For this job you've got to be here. There ain't no other goddam way."

From the air, the ice looks like a blotchy suburban sprawl, etched in shades of caramel and cream, blue and black. Borgert peers down trying to gauge the ice's age, its strength and its intentions. "That blue ice," he chuckles, "that's harder than a whore's heart, boy." The shore ice floats past Barrow faster than a man can trot, and the pack can press ridges and hummocks 70 ft. high. Says he: "If you want to see something that scares the hell out of you, it's mobile ice moving at four or five knots and coming at you like a 16-ft. plowshare." But the prowling plowshares are at a safe distance this time, and Borgert tells Kardonsky to press on for Prudhoe Bay. The *Cavalier* arrives at its destination 26 hr. after it left Wainwright.

Along with the rest of the tugs and barges, the *Cavalier* anchors with her nose running into the wind. For a couple of weeks the crew will lounge and fish from the deck, staring at water so cold that, as oldtimers joke, the only reason for wearing a life preserver is to help rescuers spot the body. Meanwhile, on a gravel causeway 1½ miles away, workers prepare to unload Kardonsky's steel cathedral. Welders will separate the buildings from the barge decks. Transferred to the sort of crawlers that carry space rockets to launch pads, the buildings will creep to their final homes on the tundra amid frozen swamps, grazing caribou and flaming jets of gas.

Most of the tug crews will wait anxiously for the now-empty barges to be rehitched so that they can set sail for Seattle. But for Kardonsky, the most experienced skipper in the fleet, a more savage task remains. The *Cavalier* has to tow one last load of equipment to Prudhoe Bay. The tug will return to Wainwright, hook up with a bargeload of pipes from Japan and once more swing east. Feeling the menacing bite of the chill September air, the crew will be praying harder than usual that the Arctic not mistake Kardonsky's nerve for defiance. —*By Michael Moritz*

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Now let's sauce the gander. Say we had unisex insurance rates. Collective Bobs would more than chivalrously pay for collective Sues' annuities, since women live to collect longer. *Equally* unfair!

Accusations of Neanderthalism aside, Ætna simply isn't going to toss out cost differences based on criteria like sex and age when the results would be inequitable.[2]

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[1]According to an Ætna study of auto insurance made in 1979, people generally warmed to the idea of equal rates for different groups. But when they were informed of the effect on their pocketbooks, the majority turned thumbs down.

[2]We admit it can be rankling to be treated as a statistic. But the whole idea of insurance is the pooling of risk among groups of individuals. Those groups are defined by the loss experience of up to millions of cases, and are charged accordingly — what we in insurance call "cost based pricing."

[3]At last count, we had some 135 people looking into how risk can be measured in life, casualty, property and group insurance.

[4]Ætna also charges less to accident-free drivers, for cars less prone to damage or theft, and for homes equipped with burglar and fire alarms. We think [illegible] make more sense than [illegible]

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At work in the White House again, looking rested, feeling frisky and showing no signs of post-vacation blues

Nation

TIME SEPTEMBER 14, 1981

Could Be the Party's Over

Deficits loom, defense decisions wait, diplomacy beckons; welcome back, sir

It was not quite whistling in the dark. But the high spirits at 30,000 ft. as Air Force One carried Ronald Reagan and his top aides away from a balmy vacation in the West and back toward the duties of running the Government from Washington seemed out of sync with the stiff challenges ahead. Chief of Staff James Baker turned his Texas tenor loose on country music that only he could hear through his earphones. Communications Adviser David Gergen, fresh from an outing in the Tetons, could not resist the beat of the Supremes. He grabbed the hands of Margaret Tutwiler, Baker's top assistant, and danced through the cabin.

The presidential party seemed to be reflecting the exuberant mood of its boss. Still flying high from his pre-vacation triumphs in enacting his budget and tax cuts, a competitive Reagan seemed eager to take on all those who doubt that he can slash taxes, rebuild U.S. military might, check inflation, bring down interest rates and balance the federal budget by 1984. Stopping off in Chicago for a Republican Party fund-raising dinner, the President almost shouted as he promised to whack another $70 billion from federal spending in fiscal 1983 and 1984. "We are going to do it," he declared, "because we have no choice. It has to be done." To those who prematurely complain that the economic recovery program is not working, Reagan defiantly replied: "Well, it isn't. It doesn't start until Oct. 1."

Wall Street was not willing to wait. Tumbling stock and bond prices reflected the skepticism of investors that the Administration can dramatically curtail budget deficits and thus ease the pressure producing cripplingly high interest rates. On the very day that Reagan returned to the White House the Dow Jones industrial average fell 17.22 points to 867.01, its lowest level in almost 15 months.

While the President and his advisers complain with some justice that the market's lack of confidence in his economic policies is unfair, since the goal is a gradual, long-term reversal of past trends, they also fear that the doubts could prove self-fulfilling. To help remove those doubts, Reagan made a key and, for him, painful decision while on vacation: his pledge to balance the budget by 1984 will take precedence even over his plans to spend $1.5 trillion on defense over the next five years. Thus Reagan ordered an extremely reluctant Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger to prepare "a reverse wish list," a series of optional ways to pare somewhat the planned level of annual increases in military spending. Still, Aide Baker jolted the Pentagon by publicly announcing how big the rollbacks in increased spending might be: up to $30 billion in 1983 and 1984.

Attacking the once sacrosanct military budget is a move persistently pushed by Budget Director David Stockman and stoutly opposed by both Weinberger and Secretary of State Alexander Haig. It seems unavoidable. Between $70 billion and $90 billion in new savings must be

found by 1984 to salvage any hopes of a balanced budget, so either some popular domestic programs will have to be abolished altogether, rather than just trimmed, or the Pentagon will have to share in the reductions. Failure to touch the military budget, concedes one presidential aide, will let critics claim that "the President wants to dismantle the New Deal and replace it with a military-industrial complex." The Reagan congressional strategists hope that by including the military, they can persuade legislators to go along with more slicing of nondefense programs—even if it means reneging on deals made by the White House to win the votes to pass the 1982 budget reductions earlier this year. Admits one White House adviser in an understatement: "We know that is going to upset some Congressmen."

Weinberger is expected to present his list of possible military cuts to the President at a meeting tentatively set for this week. Since Pentagon spending is linked to decisions on what kind of MX missile system to develop and which new strategic bomber to build, Reagan may reveal his long-awaited decisions on those programs at the same time.

While White House sources refuse to speculate on what Reagan will decide, Pentagon officials expect him to

▸ Approve the production of 100 MX missiles and their deployment in 1,000 shelters on land in Nevada owned by the military. This would be a scaled-down version of former President Carter's plan to deploy 200 missiles in 4,600 shelters scattered through Utah and Nevada.

▸ Order production of about 50 new bombers based on the B-1 design that Carter had scrapped. This aircraft, capable of penetrating Soviet air defenses, would bridge the gap between the aging B-52s and a new radar-evading "Stealth" craft to be perfected later. Fifty B-1s would be about half the number the Pentagon wants.

Pentagon insiders fear that some other weapons projects will be on Weinberger's hit list. One is the Navy's new F-18, conceived as a light, low-cost, all-purpose fighter. The price for the planned production of 1,377 F-18s has soared from $16 billion to $38 billion. The Army's new armored "infantry fighting vehicle," designed to carry troops into battle, is also in jeopardy because of its exploding cost: from $900,000 each just three years ago to $1.4 million now. Other savings for 1982 apparently would have to come from reducing the Pentagon's civilian manpower.

By some statistical juggling, the Administration contends it still will achieve an average 7% a year increase in defense spending through 1984. But this rise will now be based on the fiscal 1981 budget of $171 billion rather than on the higher projected 1982 level.

As members of Congress return this week to face a budget crisis they thought had been basically resolved before they left, they seem likely to be in a testy mood about any last-minute revisions. They had hoped to complete action on 13 regular 1982 appropriations bills and then tackle the 1982 defense budget before that fiscal year starts on Oct. 1. But now, if Reagan approves a proposal by Stockman, they will be asked to find $10 billion in new spending cuts to help the President meet his elusive goal of keeping the 1982 deficit at the Administration's projected $42.5 billion. Stockman is also expected to urge that 25,000 federal jobs be eliminated by attrition, saving $1.8 billion, and that the Agriculture, Energy, Education and Commerce departments agree to spend less than the amounts actually to be appropriated.

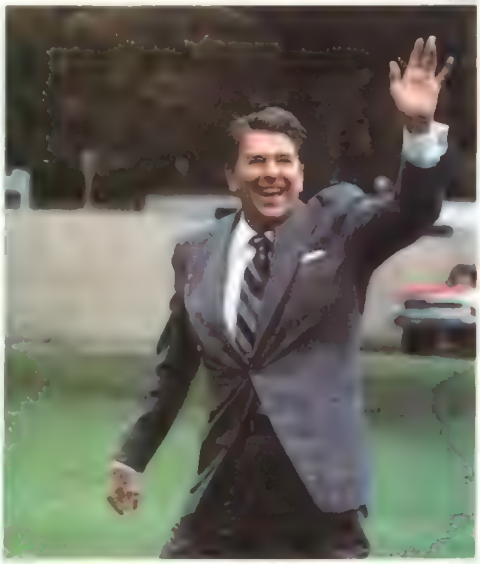
Though no assault on Social Security benefits is anticipated to tighten the 1982 budget further, the President's economic advisers have little doubt that this politically sensitive program will have to be curbed in 1983 and 1984 if the budget is to be balanced. Since one-third of the Senators and all members of the House face elections next year, they are not likely to be receptive to any Reagan plans to tamper with Social Security benefits.

While Reagan's insistence on pushing now for the sale of AWACS and other air weaponry to Saudi Arabia promises to complicate life on Capitol Hill, other foreign policy issues are crying for his attention. Israel's Prime Minister Menachem Begin will arrive this week for a get-acquainted visit with Reagan at the White House. Begin will not only argue against the AWACS deal but will also urge Reagan to throw the prestige of the U.S. into fulfillment of the Camp David accords by sending a high-level envoy to the talks on autonomy for the inhabitants of the West Bank and Gaza Strip, which are scheduled to resume later this month. Secretary Haig, who wants to find a way to get the Palestinians involved in the talks, will decide on how the U.S. will be represented after the Begin visit.

Reagan also faces continuing tension with U.S. allies in Europe over his decision to produce the neutron bomb. The U.S. veto of a U.N. Security Council resolution criticizing South Africa's military operations in Angola has further isolated the U.S. from its allies and angered most African nations. Meetings will begin this month between Secretary Haig and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko at which negotiations on limiting theater nuclear forces in Europe should be scheduled.

World events, which have fortuitously permitted Ronald Reagan to concentrate on his economic revolution, seem unwilling to wait much longer, even as he struggles to give his economic program wider credibility. Engendering a natural psychology that his sweeping economic changes would succeed was always an essential part of the program. The Administration can be faulted for not heeding the warning signals that this year's budget deficit might balloon beyond expectations, and that its defense spending plans might prove too lavish. But the rush to judgment before the first tax or budget cut even takes place is a curious reaction, particularly from those in the business and investment community who have such large stakes in a Reagan revolution that works. *—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Douglas Brew with Reagan*

A "welcome-back" wave for Ronnie . . .



. . . and an "I'm glad to see you, too, Nancy" smile

But why the dancing on Air Force One?

A vintage performance to a cool audience: the President speaking to carpenters in Chicago

Barbs for an Old Union Man

Reagan's relations with labor are bad—and getting worse

The performance was vintage Ronald Reagan: a laughing anecdote about how he had almost dropped a pickax on the feet of his boss on a youthful summer construction job; a wry translation of status quo as "Latin for 'the mess we're in' "; a visionary proclamation of "an American Renaissance" of high employment and low inflation. But the audience was as cool as any Reagan has played to as President. It gave him about the minimum of tepid applause required by politeness and respect to his office.

No wonder. Reagan was addressing almost 3,000 delegates to the Chicago convention of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners—and union officials currently rank not far behind black and feminist leaders in expressing dismay over the Administration's course. "He has cut out every social program we have fought for over the last 40 years," exclaimed Roy Klein, a convention delegate from South Bend, Ind. Boston Delegate Andrew Sarno added: "I don't think he should have been allowed to come here."

The most spectacular current reason for this hostility, of course, is Reagan's stern action in firing striking members of the Professional Air Traffic Controllers' Organization from their Government jobs. Not that PATCO is winning any popularity contests in the labor movement these days—it was one of the few unions to endorse Reagan and rarely respects job actions by other workers. But most labor leaders have given the controllers' strike rhetorical support because they fear that the Administration's actions will fan a union-busting spirit among state and local governments, whose employees are joining unions rapidly while the membership of most industrial unions is declining. The percentage of all workers who are members of unions dropped from 24.7% in 1970 to 20.9% last year, even though the number of public-employee unionists rose almost 50% between 1970 and the last count in 1978. So far the union leaders' angry protests have budged the Administration not at all.

Speaking to the carpenters, Reagan did pledge that "this Administration will not fight inflation by attacking the sacred right of American workers to negotiate their wages." But the union movement, he contended, had always recognized "that public employees could never be allowed to strike." Strikes by Government workers are illegal, he noted, and "we cannot, as citizens, pick and choose the laws we will or will not obey."

Other Administration officials took pains to deny a report by David Siegel, a PATCO vice president, that the union had begun negotiations with the Government and that "eventually we will go back to the bargaining table." The Administration version is that Kenneth Blaylock, president of the largest union of federal employees, had mentioned ideas for a possible settlement to Donald Devine, director of the federal Office of Personnel Management, and asked Devine to check out what they would cost. Devine's staff worked up a figure, but was quickly ordered to stop by the White House.

PATCO strikers jeering Reagan's motorcade

Roughly 15 candidates for every job.

By last week the Government had sent notices of intended dismissal to 11,438 controllers, or just about all the strikers, and actually removed 8,196 from the federal payroll. Though the complex appeals process available to the fired individuals is far from exhausted, the Federal Aviation Administration says it has taken back only 35 PATCO members and insists that these are controllers who never voluntarily joined the strike. Furthermore, the Government counts 125,508 people who have accepted its invitation to apply for the striking controllers' jobs, giving it roughly 15 candidates for each of the more than 8,000 positions to be filled.

Union leaders probably would not be mollified even if the Administration were to welcome all the PATCO strikers back tomorrow. Their grievances against Reagan go much deeper. Organized labor fought fiercely, though in vain, against the President's tax and budget cuts, contending that they constituted a loading of the economic scales in favor of the rich and against the poor. AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland describes the Reagan policy as "economic Darwinism—that is, the survival of the richest."

On issues of special concern to their followers, union leaders charge that the Administration is weakening enforcement of industrial health-and-safety laws and gutting the Davis-Bacon Act. That Depression-era law provides that workers on federally aided construction jobs be paid the "prevailing wage" in the area; conservatives have long complained that it has been interpreted by the Government in such a way as to force inflationary increases. Reagan has kept a campaign promise not to ask for repeal of the act, but his Administration has proposed redefining "prevailing wage" in a way that would hold down construction pay. Robert Georgine, head of the AFL-CIO's building trades department, calls the move "repeal by administrative fiat."

What is more, union leaders fume, their views on these and other issues are being blithely ignored. That is more than slightly ironic, since Reagan, as he incessantly reminds them, is the first occupant of the White House who was once a union president (he was head of the Screen Actors Guild from 1947 to 1952 and again in 1959). AFL-CIO chiefs contend that there is no one in his Administration to whom they can pour out their grievances with any effect. They regard Secretary of Labor Raymond J. Donovan, a former construction-company executive, as anti-

union, and Robert Bonitati, the White House liaison man with labor, as a lightweight lacking in experience (some Reagan aides privately agree, and are looking for a successor to Bonitati). The labor bosses say they are not consulted on even the most routine appointments to Government agencies dealing with labor matters. To dramatize their contention that they speak for a powerful constituency, they plan a giant Solidarity Day rally in Washington, Sept. 19.

Reagan's strategy seems to be to appeal to rank-and-file union members over the heads of their leaders. By Gallup's estimate, Reagan won 43% of the votes of union members and their families last November, a remarkable performance for a right-wing Republican, and presidential aides think that his tough stands on defense, foreign policy and social issues are still highly popular with most unionists. On economic issues, the President is contending that the liberal policies beloved by union leaders have led only to inflation and unemployment, while his tax and spending cuts will lower price increases and create jobs. Thus, his speech to the Carpenters' Union rang with phrases not much different from those he might have used before an audience of Republican businessmen. Previous Administrations had been "taxing away the American way of life," he cried, and the entitlement programs* for which he was reducing spending "mean the redistribution of your earnings."

Labor Day brought a kind of test of these competing appeals. New York City union leaders scheduled a parade for which they hoped to turn out 150,000 marchers, including 1,500 striking air controllers; they pointedly did not invite the President. Reagan planned to upstage them by flying to Manhattan for a televised ceremony in which he was to present Mayor Edward Koch with a facsimile of a federal check for $85 million to finance a long-debated city highway project, which is supposed to create 130,000 jobs.

At least one New York labor leader judged Reagan's appeal the more powerful. Said Thomas W. Gleason, president of the International Longshoremen's Association, in an astonishing burst of candor: "You won't find our members marching in that parade. They will all be off in the country closing down their summer bungalows. I mean our members are not poor; they make darn good wages. As far as President Reagan is concerned, everybody in our union is pulling for him. We are looking for a cut in taxes." Reagan is betting that there are enough such affluent bread-and-butter unionists to drown out the vehement protests of the leaders of organized labor. *—By George J. Church. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Douglas Brew with Reagan*

*An entitlement program grants a specified level of federal benefits to anyone who meets certain criteria. Some examples: Social Security, food stamps, welfare and unemployment compensation.

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Road Ends, Drive Carefully

The White House crews spruced up the Oval Office in the President's absence. When he came back to headquarters last week, his walls had a fresh, subtle ivory tint, there were new white sofas around the fireplace, and Franklin Roosevelt's six cane-backed chairs had been re-covered in rust-colored leather. Ronald Reagan entered Phase 2 of his presidency in style.

He will need it all and a good deal more. Comes now the time when the old hoofer's original script has been exhausted, when the newness has faded, when the mischief makers in Washington and the world have sized him up. The procession of events and the demands of his nation have marched beyond anything he had thought about and planned for when he was a lecturing TV celeb and a candidate who could sum the world up with "Let's reduce taxes, strengthen our defense and get the Government out of your hair." Comes now the time when Reagan must originate, improvise and try new tricks if he is going to keep the act alive. Nothing ever works out just the way a President wants.

It happens sometimes sooner and sometimes later. Franklin Roosevelt had no idea when he was taking his oath of office in 1933 that in a hundred days he would remake the U.S. Government. John Kennedy, enamored of foreign affairs, suddenly had the civil rights storm breaking around his head, and instead of Nikita Khrushchev he was trying to figure out Police Chief Bull Connor and his Birmingham dogs. Maybe Richard Nixon, the old Commie fighter, could see down the road three years to the day when he would be in Peking toasting his Chinese enemies and then in Moscow talking about limiting nuclear weapons. The better bet is that what was only a wistful glimmer suddenly became irresistible opportunity in the swirling tides that carry Presidents into uncharted waters.

OLLIE ATKINS

Nixon with Chinese hosts on a 1976 cruise

History bears good witness to the fact that successful Presidents gained their stature not so much by doing what they promised but by improvising wisely when they faced the inevitable surprises. Thomas Jefferson plunked down $15 million cash for the Louisiana territory, doubling the size of the U.S., something he never anticipated when he was designing a government for the 13 colonies. In the four months between Abraham Lincoln's election and his assumption of power, all hope for a peaceful solution to slavery vanished, and when Lincoln arrived in Washington, his task was to fight a war.

Ronald Reagan, it is now plain, cannot cut taxes as he has and buy all the military hardware he wants. His silver tongue has not won the hard hearts of Wall Street. Older Americans, who adored Reagan as one of their own battling inflation, are ready to claw him to death if he threatens Social Security and other entitlement programs, which must be cut if he is to restrain federal spending.

Comes the time when a canny President clings to principle at the center but on the edges begins to sculpt new ideas and responses. Those are already churning in the back corridors of the White House. There is the proposal that Reagan rally the nation this fall behind a banner of sacrifice. There is the discovery that out of 17,000 air controllers on the payroll, 3,000 were not needed and 3,000 more were doing clerical work for which special training is unnecessary. Reagan is likely to launch a vast effort to cut civil and military personnel.

There is more ferment than ever before about the need to re-examine the meaning of war in today's world. The idea of massive nuclear exchange with the Soviet Union has received perhaps too much attention. The ability of the U.S. to deal with new, high-tech weapons of conventional warfare—and new kinds of economic and political confrontations—has been neglected.

Now is the time when Reagan must be ready to turn away from some pet campaign promises and gently sidestep some of his narrow-minded supporters. He must glimpse the onrushing world in its true colors and use his wisdom to solve problems, heedless of politics and sometimes even of pride.

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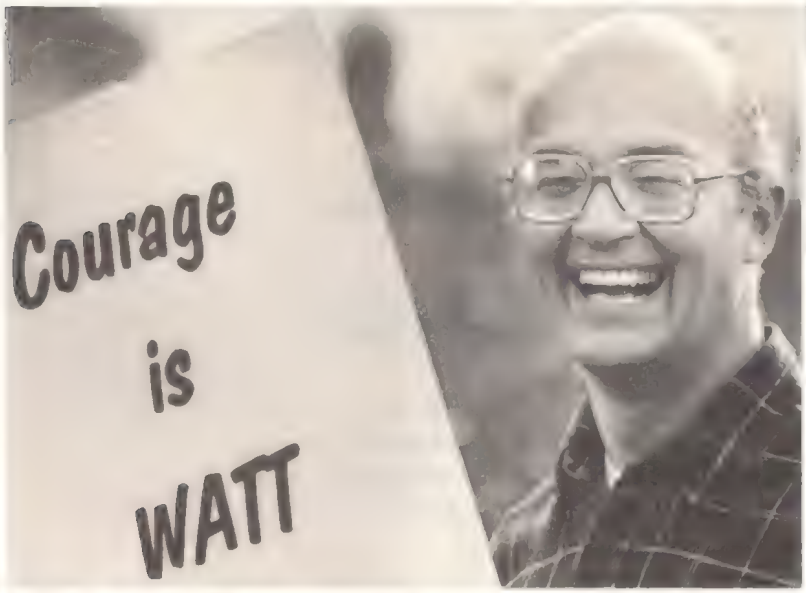
A Wilderness of Lawsuits

Environmentalists are going to court to stop Secretary Watt

No doubt about it, Dick Davenport is plenty steamed. Husband of Congresswoman Lacey Davenport in Garry Trudeau's *Doonesbury* comic strip, he discovered last week that U.S. Secretary of the Interior James Watt plans to open Davenport's beloved Matagorda Island Wildlife Refuge in Texas to developers. "Watt can't do that!" fumes the courtly Davenport, his straw boater slightly askew. "It's outrageous and unconscionable!" So furious is he that, "as secretary of the Maryland Audubon Society, I'm seriously thinking of demanding Watt's resignation in our next newsletter!"



Why is this man smiling? The Secretary delights in a supporter's sign in Fairbanks, Alaska

The Dick Davenports of the nation are uniting to sue him "right and left."

That sort of empty gesture used to be a hallmark of conservation groups, but no more. Not only are environmentalists clamoring for Watt's ouster, they are trying to draw and quarter him in the courts for what they view as his efforts to turn back the environmental clock. "He's being sued right and left," crows Craig Van Note, executive vice president of the environmental group Monitor Consortium. And Patrick Parenteau, legal counsel for the National Wildlife Federation, predicts an "explosion of litigation" as Watt's plans for developing the nation's natural resources take shape.

In his defense, Watt claims that he is only following the laws as set down by Congress, not as they have been selectively interpreted by past departmental officials. "In recent years we have seen programs administered by those who do not respect the law but feel, 'Oh well, Congress did not know what they were doing,' " says Watt. But Watt's critics claim he is doing precisely that—selectively interpreting the laws to suit his own policies. Says Lewis Regenstein, executive vice president of the Fund for Animals: "Someone has got to stand up and say, 'This is what Congress meant.' We're counting on the courts to do that."

The most important suit brought against Watt so far centers on his plan to offer for lease a billion acres for offshore oil and gas exploration over the next five years. As an initial step, Watt announced last April that he planned to auction 31 tracts off the California coast near Santa Barbara. A coalition of groups, including the state of California and the Natural Resources Defense Council, immediately sued to stop the sale. The plaintiffs' lawyers argued that the proposed drilling threatened the coastline as well as the area's sea otters and other endangered species. More persuasively, they maintained that Washington did not have the authority to lease those areas without first considering the state's right of jurisdiction. U.S. District Judge Mariana Pfaelzer agreed and last July barred the sale.

Though the decision led Watt to withdraw four more basins off the Northern California coast from the auction block, he vows to fight his battle all the way to the Supreme Court. Meanwhile, several other states, including Maine and Alaska, are poised to sue the Interior Department if it goes ahead with plans to lease some of their offshore territory. Washington Energy Analyst Roger Copland believes that the odds are in Watt's favor to win his case eventually, but his critics are encouraged by the California decision. Says Sara Chasis, staff attorney for the Natural Resources Defense Council: "We proved that Watt is stoppable."

Watt's decision to allow mineral and energy exploration in wilderness areas promises to turn up an equally rich lode of legal squabbles. Last May he and the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee clashed over whether the 1 million-acre Bob Marshall preserve in Montana should be opened for such development, and committee members ordered the land withdrawn from leasing arrangements. The Mountain States Legal Foundation, the pro-development public interest law firm that Watt once headed, sued the Interior Department to open up Bob Marshall. In an unusual maneuver, the Justice Department informed Congress in August that it would not defend the committee's action and, indeed, would join the foundation in its battle. The latest twist came three weeks ago when the Wilderness Society filed suit against Watt charging that he colluded with the Mountain States group to sue his own department. Both suits are being tried before a Montana federal judge, and a decision is expected in late fall.

Three Appalachian conservation groups plan to sue Watt this week for failing to curb abuses of the rule that exempts strip mining done on plots of less than two acres from environmental safeguards; several environmental groups are also threatening legal action if Watt keeps his promise to allow states to devise more lenient strip mining regulations. The National Wildlife Federation predicts that Watt will be sued for allowing overgrazing on federal lands. As for Davenport's cherished Matagorda Island, a covey of environmental groups plans to meet with Interior staffers this week to ask that it be kept pristine.

Environmentalists acknowledge that many of the Secretary's most sweeping moves—refusing to ask for more money for new national parks, for example, and appointing pro-development personnel to key Interior posts—cannot be challenged in court. They admit that many of their lawsuits are attempts to buy time until they can succeed in dumping Watt. But White House aides stoutly deny that the Secretary is an endangered species. Even if Reagan's support does turn lukewarm, Watt will be a formidable adversary. He was one of the shrewdest anticonservation lawyers in the nation before taking over the department and has a keen sense of when to fight in court and when to retreat. But with one-fifth of America's acreage at stake, the Dick Davenports may be stirred up enough to take off their boaters and stop him in his tracks. —*By James Kelly. Reported by Gary Lee/Washington*

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From Shoo-In to Scapegoat

Jerry Brown's political fortunes are stung by the pesky Medfly

"We're going to get that little bug before that little bug gets my poll ratings down any further." So vowed California's embattled Jerry Brown last week about the Mediterranean fruit fly, a pest that has pushed Brown's approval rating to its second lowest level in his nearly seven years as Governor.* California Pollster Mervin Field last month reported that 72% of state voters rated Brown's performance as "fair" or "poor." Some 60% criticized his go-slow approach to aerial spraying of the tiny golden-mawed Medfly, which thus far has afflicted only one commercial farm, but is spreading fast and could ultimately wipe out almost $1 billion of the state's $14.1 billion agribusiness income. Field also found Brown trailing the three most likely Republican nominees—Congressmen Paul N. McCloskey and Barry Goldwater Jr. and San Diego Mayor Pete Wilson—in the 1982 race for the Senate seat held by S.I. Hayakawa. Admits Brown's father, former Governor Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown: "Anybody would be crazy not to say that Jerry's been wounded. Whether it is mortal or not is hard to say."

Brown has proved resilient before. Few politicians are as canny in voicing a vision while making cold-eyed deals. And his campaign fund is brimming: $1.1 million banked, drawing 17% interest. Says State Assembly Speaker Willie Brown, no relation and not always a friend: "It appears there's a guardian angel watching over Jerry Brown." But the Medfly uproar is the biggest flap besetting the moonbeam Governor.

*The lowest was in April 1980, at the nadir of his second presidential campaign

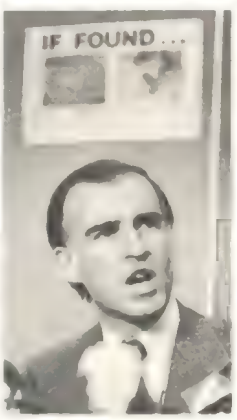
State investigators caught Brown aides late last year using state-run computers to assemble a private mailing list of potential supporters. Brown was not implicated directly, and the cries of "Computergate" soon faded. Nonetheless, the episode damaged his image. Five years ago, an astonishing 61% of voters agreed with the statement that Brown was "doing more to restore people's faith in political leaders than almost anyone else." Now only 23% agree.

Brown, who is perhaps the nation's most visible advocate of alternate energy sources, may soon face the embarrassment of presiding over the arrests of scores of antinuclear protesters. They are planning a demonstration against the as-yet-unscheduled opening of the Diablo Canyon nuclear power plant near Avila Beach, some 60 miles north of Santa Barbara. Brown had joined a rally against the plant in 1979. But nuclear facilities are under federal jurisdiction, and Brown says he has no choice but to let Diablo Canyon operate once it is licensed. Of the expected protesters, he says: "Those breaking the law will be arrested."

The Governor's gleeful Republican rivals concede that his prospects may improve if the worrisome Medfly infestation—which now threatens 20% of California's land area—can be kept clear of major growing regions through harvesttime. But entomologists are gloomy about their chances of eradicating the pest outright, as Florida and Texas officials did four times between 1929 and 1966. After the first Medflies appeared in the summer of 1980, Brown's aides estimated that the extremely prolific insect could be wiped out by cautious methods: spraying from the ground, stripping infested trees and burying the fruit, releasing sterilized flies with the fertile flies and thus upsetting the breeding cycle.

But beginning last June more than a hundred infestations were reported, almost all in recreational gardens. Farmers and Federal Government scientists, aware that one of the Medfly's favorite fruits is California's valuable orange, started to call for aerial spraying of the pesticide malathion. Brown resisted until July 10, when the Reagan Administration threatened a nationwide quarantine of California produce. Since then the pests have hit the Los Angeles area and have spread so fast that last week the territory under state watch was expanding almost daily. If the Medfly reached all plantings of every crop it infests, California farmers could lose up to $400 million, according to the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Embargoes by other states and foreign countries could cost another $500 million. If this happened, U.S. food prices could jump 2% to 4%, at least temporarily, and raise the Consumer Price Index by .25% to .5%, according to the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Already there are major costs for the California farmer. Japan, which buys $118 million in fruits and vegetables from the state, has refused to accept any California produce, though negotiations toward a compromise are under way; Taiwan, South Korea and the island of Yap have also banned California produce.

Brown has been looking for scapegoats, including a Peruvian laboratory and the U.S. Department of Agriculture. The lab apparently shipped an unknown number of flies marked "sterilized" that were in fact still fertile, and these were unwittingly released at the behest of the USDA. Last week Brown's Medfly project chief claimed that there were at least 50,000 mislabeled fertile flies, and that when released they had caused "95%" of the plague. The USDA scoffed, noting that only two fertile Peruvian flies were among the nearly 400 found in traps.



The Governor under a Medfly information poster

Brown remains as cocky as ever. Says he: "Where the Medfly project has taken action, the Medfly has been brought under control. The Medfly people will go out and get those flies." If he is wrong, the voters will likely tell him to buzz off. —*By William A. Henry III. Reported by Joseph J. Kane/Los Angeles*

Yellow Rain

Soviet chemical warfare

American intelligence experts have long suspected that chemical poisons developed in the Soviet Union have been used in military operations in Afghanistan, Laos and Cambodia. Eyewitnesses in all three countries have reported seeing "yellow rain" fall from the skies. Shortly afterward, victims on the ground have suffered burning sensations, convulsions and massive internal bleeding. Many have died painful deaths. Still, there had never been scientific evidence that the poison came from the Soviet Union. So the U.S. has withheld any official accusation of Soviet violations of a 56-year-old international agreement banning chemical weapons.

TIME has learned that in at least one instance, the use of a Soviet chemical agent has been proved beyond any scientific doubt. The site of the offense, by Vietnamese troops, was in Cambodia. Military patrols from Thailand gathered samples of foliage, soil and water from Cambodia and sent them to the U.S. for analysis. The State Department, in turn, sent the samples to private American laboratories without revealing the source of the evidence or why it was to be examined. The civilian scientists found that the samples contained the chemical agent trichothecene toxin, known as T_2. Soviet scientists have published articles on how to mass produce T_2, which occurs naturally in grain molds common in the Soviet Union.

The T_2 connection was first made by Writer Sterling Seagrave, who presents a persuasive circumstantial case for the Soviet violations in his forthcoming book *Yellow Rain*. Seagrave interviewed victims of chemical attacks in Southeast Asia, Yemen and Afghanistan, as well as the doctors who treated them. In Afghanistan soldiers fighting the Soviet invaders told him about being attacked by rockets fired from helicopters. The rockets released a "yellowish-brown" cloud that caused victims to "die quickly, vomiting blood and fouling their clothes."

The State Department is still reluctant to level public accusations at the Soviet Union. Some officials would like to do so on the humane grounds that public disclosure might prevent further use of the poison and avoid more such deaths in both Southeast Asia and Afghanistan. More cautious U.S. officials prefer to await similar verification that the chemical has been used in both Laos and Afghanistan.

That may not be long in coming. At least three more samples of the yellow powder produced by the "yellow rain" are under study in private U.S. laboratories. If those tests lead to the same conclusions, the State Department presumably will make the details public and then make more formal charges against the Soviet Union. ■

Sharks guard the salvaged safe

Gimbel's Grail

Diving to the Andrea Doria

"As we swam down . . . we were stunned and awestruck at the immensity of the ship as she took form beneath us."
—Peter Gimbel, 1956

So began an obsession that ended last week when a ship's rusty safe was consigned to the shark tank of the New York Aquarium. Twenty-five years ago, on July 26, 1956, only eleven hours after colliding with the Swedish liner *Stockholm*, the *Andrea Doria*, flagship of the Italian Line, sank some 250 ft. down to the continental shelf. Fifty lives were lost. The next day Department Store Heir Peter Gimbel, then 28, went chugging out to sea looking for the buoy that marked the *Andrea Doria's* grave about 50 miles south of Nantucket. Gimbel dove through a cloud of rising air bubbles to the ship.

Now 53, Gimbel has remained an intrepid gentleman adventurer: swimming under Antarctic ice, exploring remote Andean ranges, filming the great white shark. In 1976 he and his wife Elga Andersen, a former German actress, produced a documentary on the *Andrea Doria*. Last July they set out to make another, backed by the latest in underwater technology.

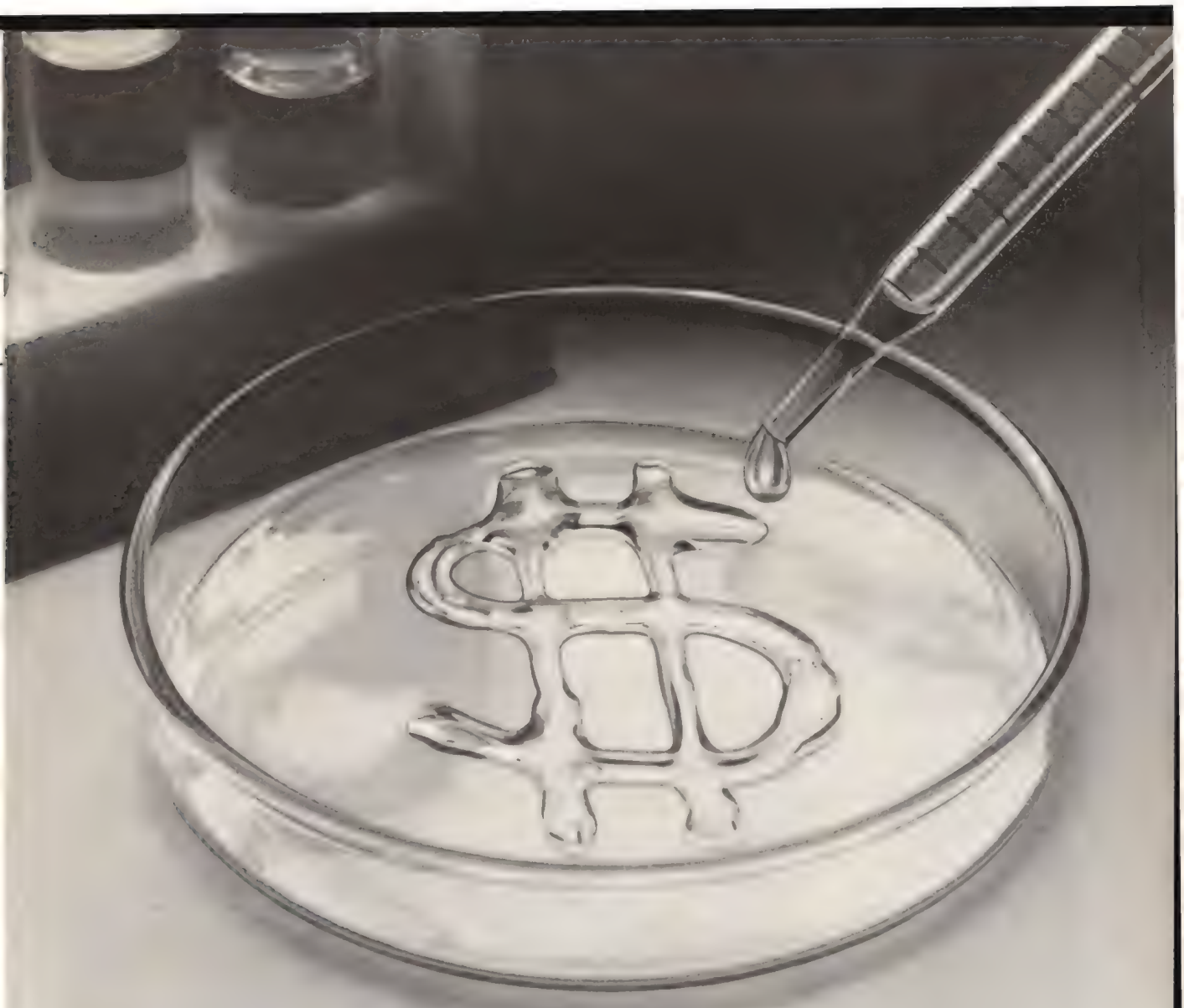
A leased surface support ship, the *Sea Level 11*, was anchored directly above the wreck. The crew of 32 included four underwater cameramen and a group of commercial divers who ordinarily work on offshore oil rigs and salvaging of wrecks. They worked in teams of four, transferring through an air lock from an on-deck pressurized living chamber to a diving bell from which they could swim to the wreck. This "saturation diving" allowed them to stay under water for up to eight hours, without intervals of time-consuming subsurface decompression.

Old-fashioned scuba equipment would have permitted only a daily 45-minute dive to the ship's depth, but both methods are dangerous. A saturated diver forced to leave the pressurized chamber before a final 50 hours of decompression could explode internally because of rapidly expanding bodily gases.

Nerves frayed as physical exhaustion set in. Divers worked in a murky tangle of air and communication lines, hot water continuously pumping through their wet suits for warmth. Said Supervising Diver Steve Jennings: "This is the hardest—bad currents, high seas, a rotting ship. The *Doria* was a weird wreck, very unforgiving." After a week of clearing debris from the first-class foyer and purser's office, the team found two safes. The divers were able to free one, a Bank of Rome safe, with acetylene torches and hoist it on board. They also solved a question that had long haunted Gimbel: Why had the ship gone down so swiftly? Descending through the hulk, Gimbel and Diver Ted Hess cut a hole in a duct and pushed down past three decks to the generator room, squeezing through silt and broken steel plates until, astonished, they found themselves on the sea floor. The icebreaker bow of the *Stockholm*, Gimbel concluded, had simply "torn the guts out of the *Doria*." Several days later, expedition members, suffering from colds and ear infections, voted to quit while they were ahead.

The retrieved safe will be opened on television as a gimmicky finale to the documentary. Until then the coffer will rest in the aquarium, not so much for display as for preservation and protection. "Sharks," observes Andersen wryly, "make good guardians." The great moment may be anticlimactic: the Bank of Rome doubts there is any treasure in the safe. If millions in forgotten diamonds do turn up, a great legal tangle could result. Underwriters could sue Gimbel for possession of any treasure on the grounds that they had not legally "abandoned" it. Original owners who had received insurance payments could then try to buy back their jewels from the insurers. Even if sued, Gimbel could still get up to 50% of the salvage, depending on the courts. He will have to pay import duties on everything except currency and antiques. "This was not a treasure hunt," insists Gimbel, who was welcomed at the dock by U.S. Customs agents. Will he go down to the *Andrea Doria* again? No, says he. "I think it is time to stop testing myself." ■

Peter Gimbel



Tampering with life for profits.

Genes determine everything from height to hair color. By manipulating genes through genetic engineering, scientists might find a cure for cancer. Even "redesign" future generations.

But while many scientists are using genetic engineering to help mankind, others appear to be more motivated by its money-making potential. Marshall Frady reports.

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COVER STORIES

To the Right, March!

Jesse Helms is the New Right's righteous warrior, and his battle is nigh

The classroom is homely and snug, barely 20 ft. square. In a corner on hangers, squeezed behind a cheap upright piano, hangs a row of blue choir robes. The 25 gentlemen of the Bunn Bible Class (average age about 70), file in smiling, touching each other gently. By 10 a.m. they have eased themselves into folding chairs, as have a cluster of wives and old friends' widows. Class President Adrian Newton grasps his Bible and introduces this Sunday's teacher: speaking on "Repentance and Restoration," the right honorable Senator Jesse Helms.

At 59, Helms is younger and sleeker than the others, and his North Carolina drawl is more circumspect. "The lesson today," he says, "is based on Moses' sermon to the Israelites, where he laid it out for 'em—didn't he, Red? Bear in mind, as I read, America of 1981 . . . This land of ours was divinely inspired. Thomas Jefferson and all the rest were not smart enough to come up with this system. They got on their knees and *prayed* for it. That's what makes our country unique.

"We must not make a God of Government. Liberalism is moving into the churches, and that has invited the tidal

PHOTOGRAPH FOR TIME BY ANN LIEBOWITZ—CONTACT

At home in Raleigh, with Patches at his knee: "I am just speaking for me and what's right for me. Why not go back to traditional moorings?"

wave of secular humanism* engulfing this country and the world . . . Now, I am not holier than thou. I am not in a position to judge. But I gotta level with you: *we become part of what we condone.*"

When he is done, Helms lingers by the door, accepting the pats and neighborly murmurs with grave good grace. But it is nearly 11 a.m. Former Deacon Helms nudges his friends into the air-conditioned expanse of Raleigh's Hayes Barton Baptist Church, and on toward the battle to redeem America from godlessness.

Jesse Helms is tall (6 ft. 1 in.) but not lean, heavy (193 lbs.) but not flabby, except for some droop below the chin. A sparse crop of fine gray hair sweeps back from his forehead, and the rest is snipped short. His black-rimmed glasses give him a slightly spooked, owlish demeanor. Helms walks with a relaxed spring, his bearing loose and eager if not quite vigorous. His appearance is scrupulously uneccentric, clean and blue-suit respectable, more like a civic-minded small-town bank president than a U.S. Senator.

The name and the face are only vaguely familiar outside North Carolina, for in his eight years in the Senate, Helms has been a legislator only nominally. Instead of cutting deals and mastering the techniques of cloakroom conciliation, he has been a right-wing curiosity, proposing hopeless bills, attacking presidential appointments out of ideological pique, making blustery speeches that go largely unremarked.

But now the conservative current is swift, and Helms' time has come. Not long after Congress reconvenes this week, both houses will be pressed to confront, as never before, the so-called social issues, that list of New Right grievances upon which Helms has based his political career.

There is his "human life bill," an anti-abortion measure that would statutorily establish the beginning of human life at conception, and so could make abortion prosecuted as murder. In January, hearings may begin on a Helms proposal to abolish Supreme Court jurisdiction over school prayer cases. Another Helms measure, the one with the best chance of passage, would prohibit the Justice Department from pursuing any school desegregation case that might result in court-ordered busing. All of Helms' proposals may be overshadowed by more politic New Rightist initiatives, but win or lose, Helms will be point man in the Senate for some of that chamber's most contentious struggles in years.

*In the mid-1970s, fundamentalist Christians began using "secular humanism" as a term of opprobrium for nonreligious education. It has grown into a New Rightist code word for the precepts and practices of almost anyone this side of Communism who disagrees with them, including liberals, feminists, atheists, civil libertarians, internationalists.

Family portrait, with Daughters Jane and Nancy, left, Wife Dot and Son Charles, right; Helms and poker pals at Judge Pou Bailey's

At pulpit of his adult Bible class at Hayes Barton Baptist Church; marching across tarmac at Raleigh-Durham airport bound for the hustings

Photographs for TIME by David Burnett / Contact

At Mocksville picnic: preaching, above; politicking, left, and people-pleasing, right

The G.O.P. establishment, notably its members in the White House, have been importuning Helms and his supporters to postpone the inevitable legislative combat. The President's men fear that the emotional debates will destroy their happy, careful consensus. But Helms has not agreed to those pleas for discretion, just as Reagan has declined to give much more than oral support to the cause, thus angering some New Rightists. Though Helms has been for years a resourceful Reagan ally, the two men are respectfully wary of each other, nothing like buddies. Indeed, Helms is notable among conservative legislators for making no effort at a showy intimacy with the President. Thus unbeholden, Helms may be pushed by his impatient followers to lead the New Right charge in Congress, now.

The congressional battles are part of a far larger campaign, a many-faceted crusade in which Helms and other right-wing social activists are pressing to remake the nation in their own image. Helms' America would be a land where certain stern Christian principles prevail and free enterprise is enshrined, where abortion is outlawed, classrooms ring with the sound of children at prayer and Darwin is just a theorist, where school buses rust quietly in their garages, and sex and violence are banished from television screens and library shelves, where men are men and women know their place, which is in the home.* As America rides the cusp of a Reagan-inspired reversion to basics, that vision seems nearer than it has been in decades.

Helms has a personal following on the right that is second in size and dedication only to that of the President himself and that trusts him more. He has a computer-driven fund raising organization, the Congressional Club, which has raised millions of dollars for Helms and dozens of other conservative candidates. He has a born politician's ease with a crowd, a saint's generosity toward individuals in distress—and a Malthusian indifference to human suffering on a larger scale. He is, in short, in the great tradition of amiable, infuriating, pious, callous, dangerous, ordinary and compelling characters who from time to time emerge to animate American politics.

There are three North Carolinas. The coastal east runs flat and sandy; the Blue Ridge west rises velvety and mountainous. Most populous is the middle Piedmont, a plateau of gentle undulations and pine forests. Scotch-Irish settlers swept onto the Piedmont in 1736. Six years later, two Helms brothers, George and Tillman, were farming on a plot deep in the colony. Before long, there were Helmses all over the place. On the solitary road from Wadesboro to Charlotte, just as the piny hills begin puckering up, grew Union County and the town of Monroe.

At one time, more than one-fifth of the county's residents were slaves. Cotton was the mainstay of the economy, but this was not grand plantation country: small family parcels made slavery mostly pointless. North Carolina came late to the lost cause of secession. Jesse Helms claims no fallen captains or valiant generals of the Confederacy as ancestors.

On Christmas Eve, 1912, a Monroe boy, Jesse Alexander Helms, married a distant cousin, Ethel Helms. The couple settled, naturally, in Monroe (pop. 3,000 then, 12,700 now). It was a town with five churches, four Republicans, one pool hall and one whorehouse. Helms was a gigantic (6 ft. 5 in.) man who, for a $25 weekly wage, served as both police chief and fire chief. He and Ethel had a prim clapboard house three doors down from the police station. Their second child was born on Oct. 18, 1921. They named him Jesse Alexander Jr.

Jesse was five years younger than Brother Wriston (now 64 and a retired Woolworth store manager) and eight years older than Sister Mary Elizabeth (now 52 and a Monroe housewife). The family led a cozy, righteous life that makes sampler platitudes seem profound. The father, remembers a friend, "was courteous but firm as a rock. People knew he meant business. Young Jesse didn't argue with him." On Wednesday night the Helmses were always at First Baptist Church prayer meeting, and on Sunday morning at services. Fundamentalism perked all over North Carolina after World War I. Churchgoers quickened their step. Jesse's friend Gilmer Clontz remembers: "Everybody went to church. That was *the* social activity."

Helms reveres life in the long-gone frame house and the simple bliss it afforded. "You did things at home,"

With a young conservative

*According to a survey for the National Republican Committee, 25% of the U.S. agrees with New Right positions on four or five of the main "social issues": abortion, capital punishment, busing, ERA and homosexual rights. A Gallup poll in June found that one-third of Americans consider themselves at least "moderately" right-wing.

he recalls. "There was never a day in my life that my mother was not at home when I got there. I spent time with my father. He had a fifth-grade education. He was the wisest man I've ever known."

When not at home or church or school (where the children, all of them white, prayed daily), Helms seems to have lived one gamboling, summery pastorale. Along with Wriston, Gilmer, Bill Hinson and sometimes a black child or two, Jesse would trek down to Richardson Creek to whoop and splash around. Was the sun always shining? Was the air always spiced by yellow pine and morning glories? There were even two movie theaters, the Strand and the Pastime. Helms and his pals, for a dime apiece, marveled in the dark at a serial parade of he-men and helpless heroines in peril.

Somewhere along the way there must have been normal childhood terrors and chills. But in Helms' memory, any trauma is lost in the harmonious glow of old-time, small-town pleasures. The only local recollection of something like misbehavior was a climb he made up the courthouse clock tower, which sits on George and Tillman Helms' original farmstead. But it was not a very hazardous feat. "We all did that back then," says Hinson. "There was a stepladder."

"Segregation was a way of life," says Ray House, now 76, Helms' high school principal. House adds: "Everybody played together—Jesse played with black kids too." (Helms said, a few years ago, that segregation was "not wrong for its time.") He was a gangling teen-ager whose schoolwork was only passably good except in math and English. "He had a big vocabulary for a country town," says Hinson. Clontz agrees: "He always used big words."

Jesse usually begged off when sides were chosen for a sand-lot ball game, and he had no girlfriend. But he played the violin and he excelled at the tuba. He practiced with the Monroe High School band for hours. At the state tuba championship, Principal House remembers, Helms "got to the middle of his solo and stopped dead." Imagine the shaky small-town beanpole straining in the embrace of that brass contraption. "He looked at the judge and said, 'Judge, I'm scared to death.' The judge said, 'Son, I'm scared too. Go on and finish it.' He got the highest rating. That was a big deal."

Helms worked as a soda jerk at Wilson's drugstore. He delivered the *News* from Charlotte. He swept floors at the Monroe *Enquirer*, where sometimes they let him write high school sports. In a 1938 commencement pamphlet that catalogued seniors' prospects, Helms said he liked "journalistic work, the life of a pharmacist." His ambition was "to be a columnist." House told the boy just before graduation: "Now, Jesse, you may not believe this, but you can own your own home, and you can have two cars, and you can do a lot for your city and county and state and country." House mulls his old advice. "Jesse's conservatism," he figures, "came from right here in Monroe from the day he was born."

Helms, six and stern, fiddling in Monroe

Helms expanded his radius cautiously. First he spent a summer at Wingate College, minuscule and Baptist, seven miles from home. In the fall of 1939 he enrolled at Wake Forest College, half a state away, and spent a year there, proofreading copy at the Raleigh *News & Observer* to pay his way. (Today he is one of only eight Senators without a degree. He does hold a pair of honorary doctorates, one from South Carolina's Bob Jones University, the other from Campbell University in Buies Creek, N.C.) Helms was offered a sports reporter's job at the *News & Observer*, but the irregular hours meant his fling with college was finished. Dorothy Coble, a Raleigh girl with soulful eyes, edited the women's page. Two weeks after Jesse turned 21, they were married.

Helms had tried to enlist in the Army, but his hearing was bad. The Navy was less choosy, and for the duration, Specialist First Class Helms wrote press releases in Elizabeth City, N.C., the farthest he had ever been from home. Just after V-J day, Jane Helms was born, and the family moved in with Dot's widowed father, a traveling salesman made good, who lived in Raleigh's neat, green Hayes Barton neighborhood.

The Raleigh *Times* hired Helms after the war and he promptly became city editor. After a tiff with the printers, Helms quit. Besides, he recalls, he "had this bug about radio," and went to work for station WCBT in Roanoke Rapids, N.C., as a reporter. But the Helmses returned to Raleigh, where A.J. Fletcher, a snappish, right-wing businessman, operated radio station WRAL out of a three-room office. Helms became the entire news department. He lugged his oversize wire recorder, tuba-like, all over the city, and wrote and broadcast the news himself. (Helms' voice can still glide to radio-announcer depths; his single idiosyncrasy is a lazy *s*, making "pastor" sound like "pasture.")

In 1950 a "New South" was being trumpeted, as it has been often before and since. Thriving North Carolina, with its prestigious universities, became Exhibit A. Behind that progressive façade, however, a Raleigh politician named Willis Smith was running a bilious, Red- and black-baiting U.S. Senate primary campaign against Frank Graham, a widely admired former University of North Carolina president. The slimy tactics, agrees Helms' friend Judge James ("Pou") Bailey, "got clean out of hand." The election is still a sour blotch for North Carolinians; white supremacy had not been an issue since the turn of the century. Helms was a Smith partisan. Graham won the primary, but without a majority, so Smith was entitled to a runoff. He was in no mood for it. "I went on the radio," Helms says, "telling folks that supporters ought to go out to his house and encourage him." Several hundred did, and Smith won the second election. Helms disclaims any part in the deceits and hysterical racist broadsides undertaken on Smith's behalf. "The liberals are trying to get me," Helms says. "I had nothing to do with the campaign." Affirms Bailey—almost: "I don't think Jesse wrote a damn thing for that campaign."

As a TV executive (1960)

Helms must have done something to please Smith, for a year later the young radio newsman left Raleigh and WRAL for Washington to work on Smith's staff. After a year as an administrative aide, he was detached to help with Georgia Senator Richard Russell's doomed segregationist presidential campaign. A year later, Smith died, and having worked at five jobs in five years, Helms decided to go back home and make a normal life in North Caro-

On the Capitol steps in Washington, the senior Senator stands shoulder-to-shoulder with a flock of young home-state visitors

Nation

lina: build a house (a red brick quasi-colonial next door to his father-in-law), join the Rotary Club (chapter president), gab with the Masons (32nd degree, the second highest rank), and devote evenings to making popcorn with Dot and his daughters.

Helms spent the next seven years in a happy humdrum, working as executive director of the North Carolina Bankers Association. The job paid well, and it also introduced him to the state's corporate Establishment, which found Helms a right-thinking young apprentice. (A curious pattern: small-town boyhood, radio sports reporter, business p.r. man. Ronald Reagan, Jesse Helms.)

Helms has never lost an election. The first victory was in 1957, when he ran for Raleigh city council and became its most conservative voice. "On occasion," a newspaper said, Helms "dressed down the mayor and other council members he was at odds with." Stridency became an early political habit.

Midway through his second two-year term, he returned to A.J. Fletcher's WRAL. "The old man," says Bailey, "thought the sun rose and set right behind Jesse's left ear." WRAL, that hymn-and-hog-price 250-watter, was now Capitol Broadcasting, an empire embracing the radio outlet, Raleigh's first TV station and a hook-up of about 70 rural stations called the Tobacco Radio Network. Fletcher piled three executive titles on Helms and let him do the station's editorials.

Helms reveled in that part of the job. He had never suffered an instant of doubt about right and wrong. He saw the muck of degeneracy, subversion and secular humanism befouling his cherished America. In 1960 the first of Helms' five-minute *Viewpoints* appeared on the 6 o'clock news. The commentaries, more than 2,700 in all, were broadcast twice every weekday until he first ran for the Senate a dozen years later.

Even today, Helms' eyebrows seem perpetually raised, riding a good half-inch above his bifocals. The effect is of a man always listening, or on the verge of some great surprise. It may be a habit nurtured by *Viewpoint*. His eyes would flit down to the typescript and stay too long. Then Helms would remember his 98,000 viewers and look up with a start. He does not smile easily, and his on-camera manner

A Humanist Hits Back

The right-wing social activism of Jesse Helms and his supporters may play in Peoria, but last week it bombed in New Haven. In a letter to 1,267 incoming freshmen, Yale University President A. Bartlett Giamatti, 43, denounced a "self-proclaimed Moral Majority" and the New Right generally as "peddlers of coercion" and enemies of the spirit of free inquiry. Wrote Giamatti: "Angry at change, rigid in the application of chauvinistic slogans, absolutistic in morality, they threaten through political pressure or public denunciation whoever dares to disagree." Something of a conservative himself—he favors rigorous, traditional instruction and has often decried government interference in higher education—Giamatti attacked partisans of the New Right as "those who presume to know which books are fit to read, which television programs are fit to watch, which textbooks will serve for all the young ... those who presume to know what God alone knows, which is when human life begins."

Yale's Giamatti

Giamatti, who was prevented from delivering his remarks in person when he was hospitalized for removal of a kidney stone, also lamented a rise in "anti-Semitic episodes" and the growing visibility of the Ku Klux Klan. The New Right, he said, has "licensed a new meanness of spirit in our land, a resurgent bigotry that manifests itself in racist and discriminatory postures; in threats of political retaliation; in injunctions to censorship; in acts of violence." He added: "What disgusts me so much about the 'morality' seeping out of the ground around our feet is that it would deny the legitimacy of differentness ... whatever view does not conform to these [New Right] views is by definition relativistic, negative, secular, immoral, against the family, anti-free enterprise, un-American. What nonsense. What dangerous, malicious nonsense."

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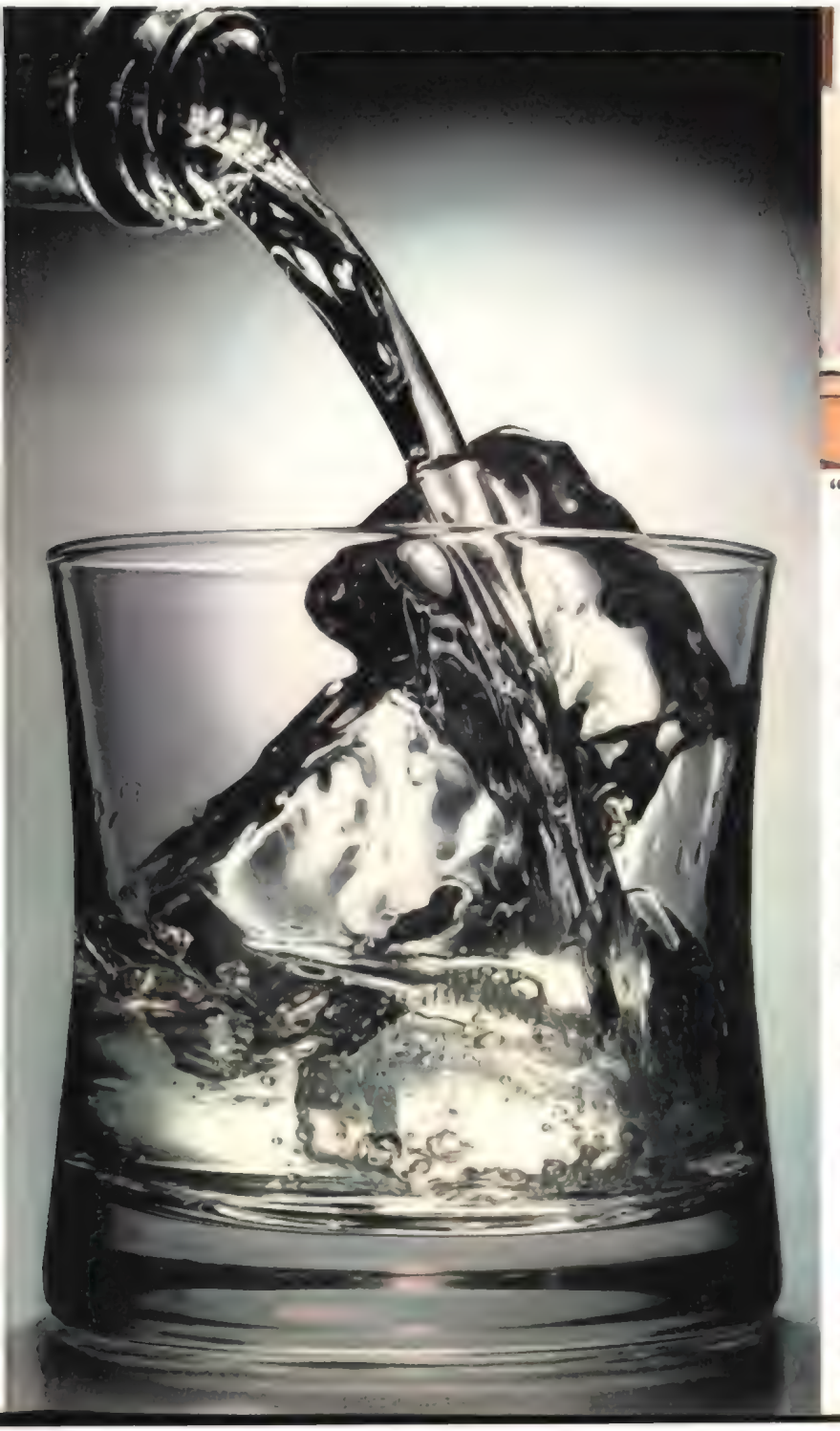

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had the slightly sweaty earnestness that TV editorialists, North and South, exude by instinct. Unlike the rest of the breed, however, Helms was rarely bland.

In one editorial (transcripts are on file at WRAL and the University of North Carolina) Helms expressed a recurring paranoia about the nation's journalistic Establishment: he called Walter Cronkite a "hysterical crybaby" who "has been a participant in a vast ultraliberal mechanism tirelessly dedicated to brainwashing the American public." He was on to welfare parasitism years before the Great Society: "Extreme care should be taken that public assistance is not made a mockery by those who would freeload off their fellow man." In 1965: "The civil rights movement, as Dr. [Martin Luther] King calls it, has had an uncommon number of moral degenerates leading the parade. The Negroes of America have a Congress that would tomorrow enact *Webster's Dictionary* into law with a civil rights label on it." Even 17th century metaphysicians were not safe. Helms chastised a state university teacher for assigning Andrew Marvell's poem *To His Coy Mistress*. The instructor was removed.

Helms' transcripts are packed with hyperbole and meanspiritedness. Yet, perhaps because this was television, he never crossed the line into ugliness or outright racism—as some Tobacco Network listeners seem to remember he did in his early radio talks (of which no transcripts are known to exist). "There is no question about his having been a segregationist," says one old Raleigh newspaper hand. "And he says he hasn't changed his views on segregation." Tom Ellis, 61, a Raleigh lawyer and Helms' most powerful political sponsor, defends his man. "He hates the K.K.K. and those people. Is that what racism is all about?" Asked why none of the 112-person Helms staff is black, Ellis answers: "Not a whole pile have applied."

Helms' daughter Nancy, then 21, talked him into switching from the Democratic Party to the Republican in 1970. "A little child shall lead you," he says of that conversion. "A lot of people thought I'd lost my mind." The next year, Ellis persuaded him to run for the Senate seat of Democrat Everett Jordan. Ellis also arranged for Helms to have his WRAL job back if he lost. That did not seem necessary. The TV broadcasts had made his one of the most familiar faces in the state. Richard Nixon, whom he had once accused on TV of buckling to the Commies, agreed to campaign for him. "I didn't want to go through the meat grinder," Helms says of his reluctance to run. "I just couldn't see myself having any great personal appeal to the voters." His opponent was Democrat Nick Galifianakis, a moderate U.S. Representative whose Greek name was made the target of subtle innuendo. Helms' slogan: JESSE HELMS: HE'S ONE OF US. He won, 54% to 46%. Helms went to Washington with big hopes and a modest bankroll. His recorded share of Capitol Broadcasting was a piddling .7%. His daughters were grown—one lives next door in the Coble house, the other near by—but the Helmses still had one youngster at home.

The Senator and the President have an arm's-length White House tête à tête

"Jesse could unloose that barrage of letters. It makes them think twice."

Dot Helms had always wanted to adopt a child. In a 1962 newspaper article, Helms spotted a Greensboro orphan, age nine, who had cerebral palsy and wanted parents for Christmas. Helms succumbed. They arranged to meet at the zoo. Charles Helms, now 27, recalls: "I never will forget how tall Daddy was. I could tell right from the start that they were a unit and stuck together. I had never experienced that." Before the adoption became official, Helms gave the boy some baseball equipment. "If you won't keep me," asked Charles, "can I keep the glove and ball?" Charles, whose balance has improved after four operations, is a senior in forestry at North Carolina State. "Mom and Dad," he says, "always stressed that whatever your talents, just do the best and you'll make it." Says his father: "He is a blessing."

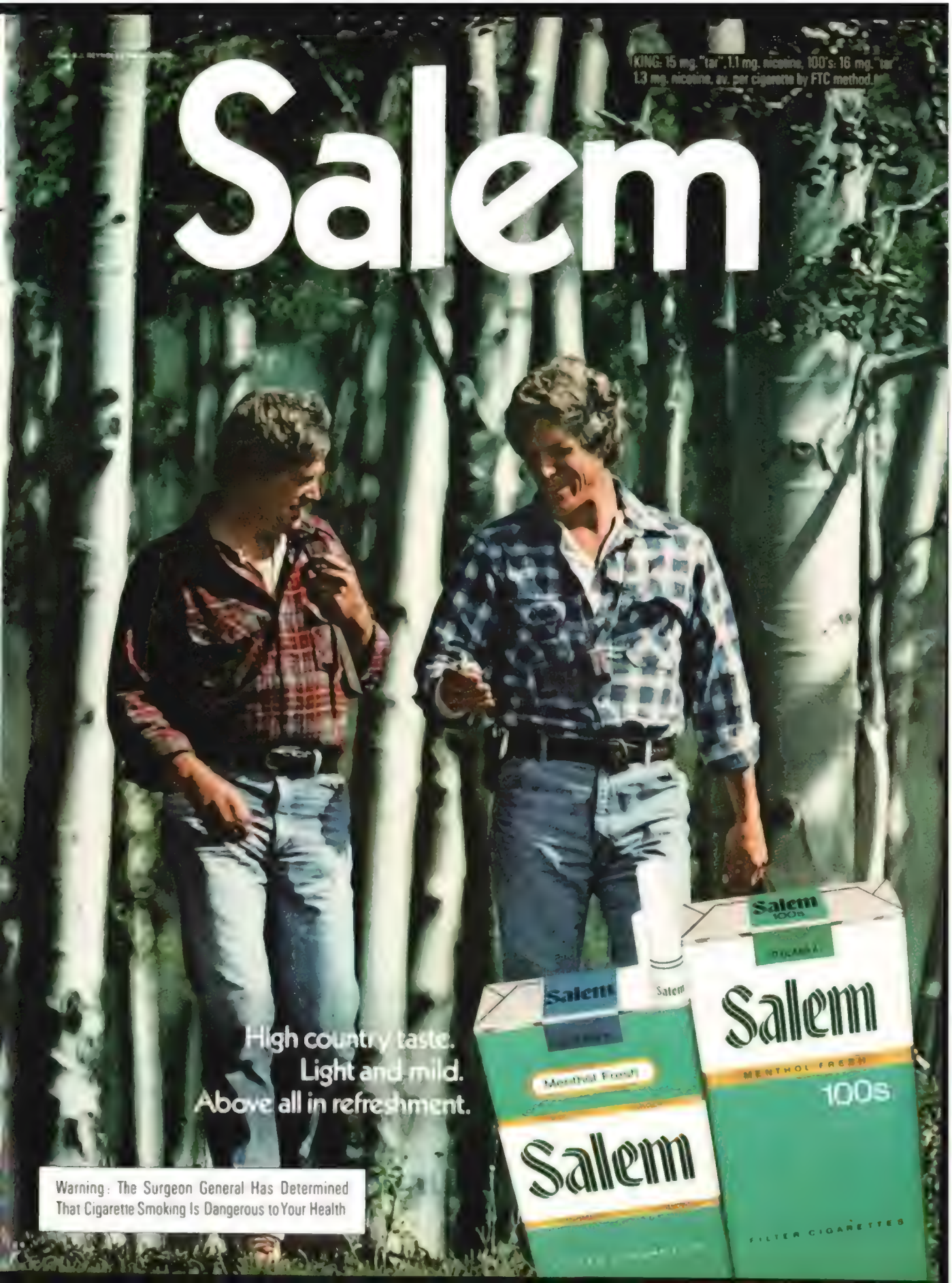
In the view of one longtime Helms watcher in Raleigh, the son does not entirely erase the sins of the father. "Jesse adopted a handicapped son," says the man. "It cost him a lot of doctor's bills. He'd give the coat off his back to help someone lying in the street, but he's not going to vote for food stamps." Indeed, during his first Senate term, Helms voted against funds for the handicapped.

The first Republican Senator from his state since Jeter Pritchard arrived in Washington in 1895, Helms moved his family into a plain, $46,000 house in suburban Arlington, Va. He assembled a squad of smart, youngish devotees more ruthlessly conservative, if that is possible, than he. After weeks of new-boy floundering, Helms was taken in hand by the late Senator James Allen of Alabama. Allen taught him all the parliamentary angles, and the pupil waded eagerly into the minutiae of procedure.

He learned, principally, how to cause a ruckus. Helms was never seduced by the Senate's clubbiness. It was as if he had crated up his Raleigh TV scripts, driven five hours north, and started pitching those editorials into the Senate hopper. If anyone took notice, it was generally with a snickering glance: Helms the flailing buffoon, a crossbreed of Dickens' Pecksniff and Fred Allen's Claghorn, full of futile cracker righteousness. Yet in Aide John Carbaugh's phrase, Helms "planted the flag": his hopeless proposals sometimes forced Senators to take stands on issues they would have just as soon avoided. He introduced numberless bills to stop abortions, to prohibit sex education, to reinstate capital punishment. All lost, by ratios of 10, 20, 50 to 1. He stalled approval of Nixon sub-Cabinet appointees who were not conservative enough for him. He embarrassed Gerald Ford by insisting that the President meet with Alexander Solzhenitsyn.* This year he delayed (but so far not once prevented) the confirmation of six suspect Reagan bureaucrats. Alone he voted against a bill to counter the 1977 Arab boycott of Israel. He promotes South Africa's racist regime with gusto. After the fall of South Viet Nam, Helms introduced a bill that would make all refugee aid private, and clipped a check for $1,000 to his proposal. Fighting Nelson Rockefeller's confirmation as Vice President in 1974, Helms declared: "He stole another man's wife."

While it once seemed that Helms would be a strange, one-term evanescence, he began to attract a following. He was never sniping away just for the cit-

*Helms began a correspondence with the exiled novelist in 1973, which Solzhenitsyn carried on, Helms says, "at a little Russian typewriter with scratch-outs, just like we do it."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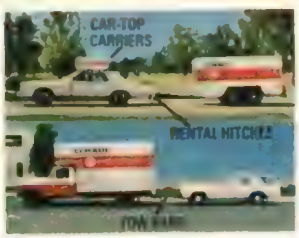


EXCEPT WHERE DISTRIBUTION FEES APPLY

izens of Raleigh and Asheville and Monroe. By his extreme doggedness on one issue or another—busing, feminism, gold, guns, always abortion—he won the esteem of single-minded sects all over the U.S. Says one first-term Senator who understands the effectiveness of that strategy: "Every person in the Senate knows Jesse could unloose that barrage of letters. It makes them think twice."

Only when it comes to tobacco has Helms behaved with ordinary congressional pragmatism. The several federal tobacco programs amount to one of the most thoroughgoing intrusions of Government into the agricultural marketplace. Helms, the ferocious free-marketeer, nonetheless strives to perpetuate it. But even in serving that home-state interest (North Carolina produces 40% of the U.S. crop), he has not been altogether successful. As the new chairman of the Agriculture Committee, Helms insisted on a farm bill that would cut food stamps drastically. But his fellow Republicans on the panel, who knew the reductions would draw fierce Senate opposition to Helms' entire bill, dumped it and wrote their own—which Helms then voted against. If pending legislation succeeds in crimping tobacco programs, Helms' clumsiness could become a liability in his 1984 re-election campaign.

Not that he isn't loyal to the tobacco cause. Helms smokes (but does not always inhale) an occasional Lucky Strike. When others light up in his presence, he says, " 'Preciate it." Indeed, Helms' single flamboyance is a maniacal Southern courtesy: he grabs every serving spoon, offers to carry every bag and sheaf in sight and opens every door. In fact, he does not just open a door; he sweeps his beneficiary through with a bow and a flourish.

Whatever it is, Helms would rather do it himself. He fries his own breakfasts (eggs, bacon and biscuits), types his own letters in a spare—truly spare—basement room in Raleigh, and refuses to be chauffeured. He drives his own anonymous 1973 Oldsmobile Delta 88, in which he listens exclusively to what he agrees is "Muzak music."

At home his record collection runs to albums of Guy Lombardo, John Wayne, *Amos 'n' Andy*, as well as Strauss waltzes, movie sound tracks and martial anthologies. The Raleigh house is compact, and hugged by camellia bushes and Chinese holly. In the vestibule hangs a Helms coat of arms with a Latin motto, *Cassis tutissima virtus*, that Jesse and Dot have never bothered to translate. (It means "Virtue is the safest armor" and contains a Latin pun: *cassis* also means "helm.") There are not many books. Helms wants to take up reading mysteries—Dot tells him that intellectuals peruse them to relax—but for now a Churchill biography lies on a coffee table. There are autographed portraits: President Reagan, Spiro Agnew, J. Edgar Hoover. Helms has collected dozens of figurines of elephants, but not as a hobby; most were foisted on him by friends. He has no hobbies. When he is in Raleigh, Helms never misses Pou Bailey's every-other-Thursday-night poker fest, a 35-year-old ritual. Steaks or jambalaya are served, the joshing among old friends is ceaseless, and wagers seldom exceed 10¢. Helms alone does not drink strong waters of any kind. "I'm dumb enough without it," he says.

BURNEY CONTACT

Helms, not quite running, tours his Raleigh neighborhood

"Some folks say I'm scary. The people here don't."

One recent afternoon he was at home slouched in a living-room chair, feet in $7 mail-order sneakers flat on the floor. His dog Patches, essentially a beagle, quivered under the couch. Helms emptied his pockets—some change, a silver cross, a Christian medallion—and talked about his curious perch in American politics. "Some folks say I'm scary," he says. "The people here don't think I'm scary." Two of his four grandchildren, capering in the yard, call him "Sir," but they are not scared. He does not want to be scary. "I am just speaking for me and what's right for me. Why not go back to traditional moorings? You say that conservatism is guilty of being too simplistic. It is more a choice of right and wrong," he says, settling the question. "My friends say they agree with me on everything except abortion." Helms admits. "Some have gone as far as to say they doubt they can support me. If I have to come on home on the principle of the rights of the unborn, then I'll come on home."

Helms belittles his role at the last two Republican National Conventions, where he shoved the party platforms as far to the right as they could go. Both times his name was placed in nomination for Vice President, and he ceremoniously declined. A third, charmed time? "No need to be cute about it. If I want to be Vice President, I'll be out on the hustings. You'll know." His current frenzy of banquets and rallies, then, is not to be considered hustings. "You get a certain serenity out of this," he says of his fractious Senate role. "You can't change the world all by yourself, but there is a serenity in trying." Aide Tom Ellis may have a straighter bead on any vice-presidential bid: "If Jesse thought it was in the best interests of his country, I think we could get the old bird into it."

On another, more public afternoon in Mocksville, N.C., at a Masonic picnic, Helms is not asked to account for his future. His speech is scheduled between Ferris wheel rides and an all-you-can-eat feast of baked ham and lemon pie. Supporters mob him all day. He is happy.

"Jesse, I grew up here, you know I've remarried . . ."

"Why, yes ma'am. Bless your heart."

A well-wisher flutters up, and Helms remembers. "What kin are you to R.L.?" he asks.

"I'm his wife."

"Well, bless your heart."

Another Southern man of the people, Louisiana's Huey Long, would have found Helms incomprehensible. "Anybody that lets his public policies get mixed up with his religious prejudices," Long said, "is a goddamned fool." But Helms, heedless, faces the crowd this day in bleachers on the parched crab grass and delivers a sermon. He rhapsodizes about his pen pal Alexander Solzhenitsyn's dedication to freedom and Christianity. He flagrantly overstates Alexis de Tocqueville's 19th century observations about American piety. Most of all, he praises God. "The Lord is speaking to us: 'I have need for thee.' To uphold the principles and the laws, to be dedicated to the freedom, strength and nobility of those who preceded us."

When he finishes, the citizens of Mocksville stand proud and applaud their elected representative nearly forever. Helms just shoos them away: "Now y'all go ahead and start eating. Don't be waiting on me." —*By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Joseph N. Boyce and Joseph J. Kane/Raleigh and John F. Stacks/Washington*

Seeking Strategy on Social Issues

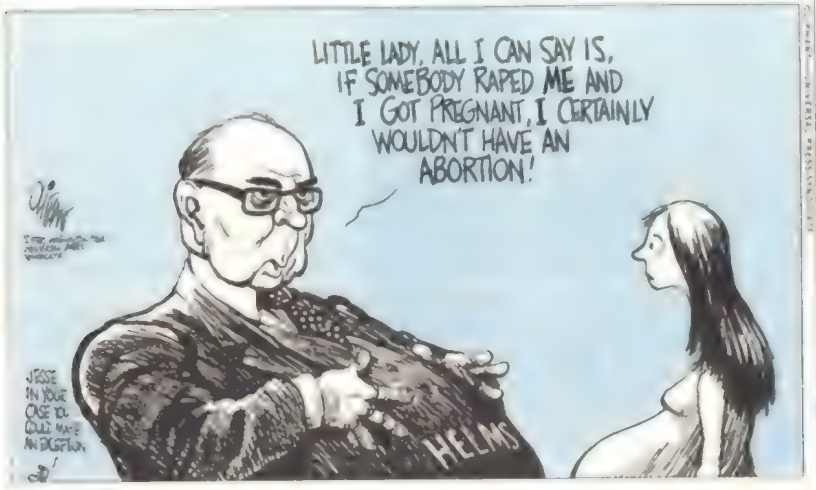
Rightists agree on policy, but they differ on ways and means

To use a phrase that its members would appreciate, the New Right won attention as a voice crying in the wilderness—bewailing the moral decay of the nation, calling down the wrath of the righteous on those legislators who were in thrall to the golden calf of "secular humanism." Now it has elected enough people who echo its call for a return to the old values, to have a shot at writing those values into real legislation. Says Connie Marshner, a leader in the right-wing Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress: "It is time to get moving."

But the New Right is suffering the classic ills of an "anti" movement coming close to power. It is more skilled at denouncing laws than at writing them. It is divided over how far to dilute the purity of its principles in order to draft bills that might actually become the law of the land. A roundup of its principal concerns, the so-called "social issues":

ABORTION. Putting an end to it is at the top of every New Rightist's agenda. But how? Their originally preferred vehicle in the current session of Congress was a Jesse Helms bill proclaiming that "human life begins at conception." That is an attempt to do an end run around *Roe* vs. *Wade*, the 1973 Supreme Court ruling that states could not outlaw abortion in the early months of pregnancy; if the bill succeeds, abortion would become murder in the eyes of the law. But Republican Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah, a rival of Helms' for the congressional leadership of the New Right, objected. He feared that the bill, if enacted, would be struck down by the Supreme Court and would distract attention from a definitive solution: an amendment to the Constitution forbidding abortion. He won reluctant agreement to shelve the bill while Hatch hatched an amendment.

Trouble is, a constitutional amendment must be passed by a two-thirds vote of both Senate and House, and then ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the states. Also, New Rightists have submitted no fewer than 18 proposed amendments: some would ban any abortions whatever; others would permit those necessary to save a mother's life. Hatch's own bill essentially would turn over the whole issue to the states, leaving them free to enact any kind of abortion law they chose. One Hatch aide contends frankly that this approach is intended "to capture the necessary votes from the less hard core." Antiabortion diehards point out that states could pass liberal as well as strict abortion laws.



BUSING. This is one issue on which the New Right can attract votes from legislators who would not side with it on any other matters. But again the question is how best to stop it? Jesse Helms has introduced a rider—to the bill authorizing funds for the Department of Justice—that would ban Government initiation of desegregation cases that would lead "directly or indirectly" to busing for the purpose of racial integration. His move has so far been blocked by a Senate filibuster by liberal Republican Lowell Weicker of Connecticut. Moreover, Helms' effort has been complicated by another rider proposed by Democratic Senator Bennett Johnston of Louisiana that would overturn existing busing orders as well. Meanwhile, Hatch plans to introduce a bill to limit the power of federal courts—up to, but not including, the Supreme Court—to order busing. That would bring up a whole new issue for the New Right: whether to concentrate on restricting the power of courts, which conservatives are convinced are the runaway enforcers of secular humanism, to rule on social issues or whether to focus on the issues themselves.

SCHOOL PRAYER. Helms has reintroduced a bill banning Supreme Court review of cases involving prayer in public schools, and a Senate Judiciary subcommittee has scheduled hearings on it for next January or February. But Hatch has scheduled competing hearings on a plan of his own to restrict the powers of lower courts, but not the Supreme Court, to rule on prayer as well as busing cases.

THE FAMILY. Republican Senator Roger Jepsen of Iowa has introduced an omnibus "Family Protection Act" that is something of a New Right wish list. Among many other provisions, it would exclude "discipline or corporal punishment methods applied by a parent" from the restrictions of child-abuse laws, deny federal funds to schools that do not allow "parental review of textbooks prior to their use in public school classrooms," prevent any school from using federal money to buy educational materials that present an overly progressive view of "the status role of men and women" and permit any schools receiving federal cash to "limit or prohibit the intermingling of the sexes in any sport or other school-related activity." Even Jepsen recognizes that his mishmash has no chance of passing Congress intact, so he proposes to put up seven sections for individual votes. One would, in effect, legalize prayer in public schools. The other six would provide tax incentives for people to adopt children and care for the handicapped and elderly dependents at home—which might indeed strengthen families but do nothing to further separation of the sexes or reinforce parental authority over children.

New Rightists recognize that other issues that matter to them—the effort to limit sex and violence on television, say, or require the teaching of "creationism" as well as evolution in schools—are not susceptible to federal legislation, but must be fought out in arenas outside Congress. So, too, must the battle to prevent the Equal Rights Amendment, three states short of ratification with ten months to go, from being enacted. On the federal level, Howard Phillips, director of the Conservative Caucus, proclaims the real goal of the social conservatives to be "defunding the left"—that is, killing programs that use federal money to "subsidize liberal anti-family values." Translation: the New Right still is much more certain of what it is against than of what it is for. *—By George J. Church. Reported by Johanna McGeary/Washington*

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The Machine That Jesse Built

Fear and computers help the Congressional Club grow rich

It could be the headquarters of any good ol' Southern politician almost anywhere, any time. The cluttered rooms are on the second floor of a Raleigh office building. The folks in charge are soft-spoken and unassuming, shying away from taking credit for any special genius or any real authority. Yet Jesse Helms' Congressional Club is the very model of modern, high-technology politics, a shrewd mating of computers and direct mail Helms and his minions have built what amounts to their own nationwide political machine. It has combined newfangled fund raising with old-fashioned mud slinging to become one of the most powerful forces in American politics.

Already this year the Congressional Club has raised almost $3 million; that is more than the Democratic National Committee. Last year the club was the nation's second largest independent political-action committee, raising $7.8 million, behind only the National Conservative Political Action Committee (N.C.P.A.C.), for which Helms also helps raise money. Such resources enabled the club to pump $4.5 million into Ronald Reagan's presidential effort. The club was able as well to send money to 30 conservative candidates for the House and Senate across the nation.

Begun simply as a campaign committee for Helms' first Senate race in 1972, the club went big time when it enlisted right-wing Direct-Mail Maestro Richard Viguerie to pay off the Helms campaign debt. With Viguerie's assistance, the club has built a mailing list of some 300,000 names, all proven givers to reactionary causes. Viguerie, in fact, still controls two-thirds of the list and receives rental payments from the club every time those names are used for causes other than Jesse Helms' re-election.

Like other right-wing direct-mail operations, the Helms machine has perfected the techniques of turning fear into funds and piety into profit. Nearly every one of the 10 million to 20 million letters mailed from the club each year warns of the growing dangers of Communism and Government social spending. Cautioned Helms in a letter last summer: "In the face of the growing Soviet war machine, the ultra-liberals have virtually disarmed America."

In a mailing last spring to drum up money and support for Reagan's budget cuts, Helms wrote that "liberal pressure groups are at work, organizing to flood Congress with mail demanding that liberal food stamp and welfare giveaways not be cut. Sadly, this pressure, if not offset, could be successful." The effort to stop the ultra-liberals, the mailings usually suggest, arises because "the Lord may very well be giving us one last chance to save America." The letters typically end: "God bless you always. Sincerely, Jesse."

WARREN UZZLE

Club Chairman Tom Ellis and Treasurer Carter Wrenn in their Raleigh offices

"A bridge between conservative Republicans and Democrats."

For all their pleas for a return to morality in national life, Congressional Club operatives conduct campaigns that flirt constantly with the unethical practice and the unfair charge. The club and its chairman, Tom Ellis, the Raleigh lawyer who is Helms' most powerful adviser, last year ran their own candidate for Senate in the person of North Carolina's John East, the wheelchair-bound conservative known in Washington as "Helms on wheels." East used club personnel as his campaign staff, club mailing lists for fund raising and Jefferson Marketing Inc., a production company created by the club, to produce his television ads.

The East effort was a successful example of the negative campaign genre. Incumbent Democrat Robert Morgan was portrayed as a man who had "been taken in by the ultra-left-wing McGovern liberals in the U.S. Senate." In fact, Morgan was among the most conservative Democrats in the Senate. East's ads charged that Morgan had voted "to scrap the B-1 bomber." Morgan, in a 39-page post-campaign rebuttal to the East ads, said he had voted twice for the B-1, voting against only the last-ditch effort to build five prototypes as a bailout for the manufacturer.

In the last week of the campaign, East's television ads charged Morgan with voting to give 13,000 textile jobs to Communist China, an allegation based on his vote to grant the Chinese most-favored-nation trade status. Morgan says his analysis showed that the vote would actually increase markets for North Carolina goods, but he lacked the funds to counter the assault. "How do you fight this?" Morgan asks. "All you can do is to mitigate the damage until their excesses catch up with them."

The club is careful to protect the Helms base in North Carolina. Using the money raised by appeals to support Reagan's budget, the club spent $200,000 last spring to oppose a gas tax increase sought by Democratic Governor James Hunt, a possible contender for Helms' Senate seat in 1984. The campaign was aimed at Hunt directly, not at the legislature, which had to pass his proposed measure. Club Treasurer Carter Wrenn says the club will also target some North Carolina Democratic Congressmen in next year's elections.

With expensive legal advice from the Washington law firm of Covington and Burling, the club adheres scrupulously to federal campaign-spending laws. But its Jefferson Marketing offshoot is a private, for-profit firm and is thus not required to report how it spends money paid it by the Congressional Club. (A group disbanded last month called the Campaign Committee, which had provided workers for the political campaigns, had similar status.) That makes a detailed examination of the club's activities impossible.

Indeed, the Helms machine's freedom from the constraints of money, state lines and party labels troubles many professional politicians. Insists Tom Ellis: "We are a bridge between conservative Democrats and conservative Republicans. I would like to see a realignment under the Republican banner, but it wouldn't bother me to change the name. In the real world, it may be that all we can do is realign the Republican Party." Helms and his money club have already done that in North Carolina. —*By John F. Stacks*

IRAN

A Government Beheaded

Khomeini's opponents strike, killing his President and Prime Minister

The modern mansion in central Tehran that houses Iran's Prime Minister looked like a fortress under siege. Heavily armed Revolutionary Guards and machine gun-equipped Jeeps ringed the building; sharpshooters carrying G-3 automatic rifles were poised behind sandbags on the roof. Inside the compound, on the second story of a modern administrative annex, President Mohammed Ali Raja'i and Prime Minister Mohammed Javad Bahonar were attending a meeting so secret that its time and place had not been made public. The agenda: how to improve security against urban guerrillas, notably the Mujahedin-e Khalq (People's Crusaders), who had killed some 200 government officials in a concerted assassination campaign over the past two months. A highly trusted security official supposedly delivering classified briefing papers quietly placed a black Samsonite attaché case on the table in front of Raja'i and Bahonar and left the room. Moments later, as a conferee opened the case, it exploded.

The blast of the incendiary bomb was so powerful that Raja'i's and Bahonar's charred bodies could be identified only with the help of dental records. Six other men in the room also died, and 14 were injured. The choice of Raja'i and Bahonar was purposeful with a vengeance. Only a week earlier ousted President Abolhassan Banisadr, now living in exile in France, had put the pair at the top of a list of five men whose deaths could bring down the regime of the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, the man who led the revolution that toppled Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi just 31 months ago. Raja'i, 47, and Bahonar, also 47, had been in office for 38 days; their deaths came only two months after a massive explosion that killed about 150 people, including the Ayatullah Seyed Mohammed Beheshti, Iran's second most powerful man, at the headquarters of the ruling Islamic Republic Party.

The bomb blast at the Prime Minister's office was a severe, though not necessarily a mortal, blow to the beleaguered regime of the autocratic, 81-year-old Khomeini. But it was the most convincing evidence yet that as Iran's revolution continues to devour itself, the nation may be moving toward civil war.

Although no group publicly admitted responsibility for the bombing, a Mujahedin leader told TIME last week that it was the work of his organization, the very group Raja'i and Bahonar were discussing as they were killed. Of the dozen factions that oppose Khomeini, the Mujahedin have emerged as the best organized and the most likely to bid for power in the event of the regime's collapse. Their leader, Massoud Rajavi, 34, is hardly known abroad—unlike Banisadr, whose escape to France was engineered by the Mujahedin. But with thousands of armed men at his command inside Iran, Rajavi poses the most serious single threat to Khomeini's Islamic Republic. The attack on the Prime Minister's office confirmed that the Mujahedin have penetrated the highest levels of the governing hierarchy, including its security apparatus. Indeed, late last week another bomb killed Iran's general revolutionary prosecutor, Hojjatoleslam Ali Qoddousi, in his office near Tehran's Qasr Prison. Not even Khomeini is safe. Last month the guerrillas left a powerful bomb in his house at Jamaran, a village on the northern outskirts of Tehran, with the fuse removed to make certain that the device would not explode. In an attached note, the Mujahedin warned Khomeini to surrender.

SIPA—BLACK STAR

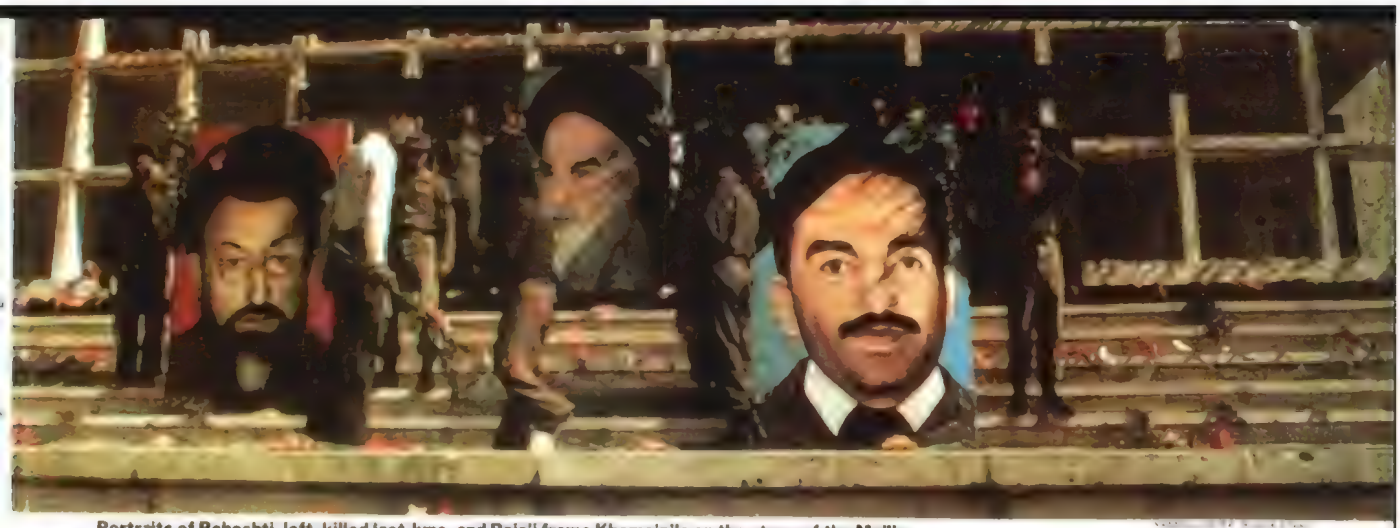
Policemen guard the Prime Minister's bombed office

With Mujahedin everywhere, not even Khomeini was safe.

The Islamic regime moved swiftly to fill the vacuum created by the two earlier deaths. Majlis (parliament) Speaker Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani and Chief Justice Ayatullah Moussavi Ardabeli jointly assumed the presidency until new elections are held, at the latest by Oct. 19, to fill the vacancy. They named another cleric and Khomeini intimate, Interior Minister Ayatullah Mohammed Reza Mahdavi Kani, 50, as Prime Minister; as one of his first tasks Kani pledged to improve security. The three, who complete Banisadr's five-man hit list, also vowed to press on with a purge aimed at eliminating their opposition. The Iranian Foreign Ministry issued a statement blaming the U.S. and Iraq for the attack, and demonstrators chanted, "Death to America, the Great Satan!" as the two coffins were carried through Tehran's streets to Behesht-e-Zahra cemetery.

Khomeini conceded that the loss of his President and Prime Minister was "difficult to bear," but he insisted that his regime would survive. "Our nation will not be shaken at all," he declared in a sermon delivered at the Hoseiniyeh Jamaran mosque north of Tehran. Though Khomeini asked his followers not to be "hasty and un-Islamic" in their treatment of suspects, his admonitions fell on deaf ears: last week Islamic tribunals sent 138 more opponents, including some teen-age girls, before firing squads, raising the total number of political executions since Banisadr's ouster on June 22 to nearly 900.

Nor did the Mujahedin flinch. On the day of the Raja'i and Bahonar funerals, Mujahedin gunmen assassinated two more ranking Khomeini supporters. One was Hojjatoleslam Seyed Nasser Banijamal, director of internal affairs at Tehran's Court for Combatting Sin. Three days later, Khomeini's Revolutionary



Portraits of Beheshti, left, killed last June, and Raja'i frame Khomeini's on the steps of the Majlis

Guards fought an eight-hour gun battle with Mujahedin in Tehran's streets. According to the government's own reports, more than 100 similar shootouts with Mujahedin and other leftist guerrillas have erupted in cities as far flung as Bandar Abbas on the gulf and Astara on the Soviet border. As a result, mosques, Islamic Republic Party offices and Revolutionary Guard headquarters throughout the country are heavily fortified. "The reactionary regime has already receded into a bunker mentality," Tehran-based Mousa Khiabani, chief of staff of anti-Khomeini guerrillas, told TIME last week. "We dominate the streets. Khomeini's lackeys cannot even protect themselves, let alone enforce their authority."

Exaggerated though such claims may be, the Mujahedin have eclipsed all other groups in Iran's fragmented opposition. Last month's hijacking of a French-built, Iran-bound missile boat off the coast of Spain demonstrated that the small royalist faction led by former General Bahram Aryana remains alive, but it proves little else: the ship was surrendered to France and ultimately sent to the Iranian government, after bobbing around off the port of Cádiz for a week. Shahpour Bahktiar, the French-educated politician who was jailed by the Shah but then served as his last Prime Minister, lives in exile outside Paris; he has no sizable following. Within Iran, most opposition groups now tacitly support the Mujahedin. The pro-Soviet Tudeh (Communist) Party has discredited itself for the moment by supporting Khomeini

The Ayatullah's single most prominent opponent is Banisadr, forced out as President of Iran because he opposed the mullahs' attempts to impose a theocratic state. Banisadr, however, has never enjoyed a strong personal power base his 75% landslide in the January 1980 presidential election resulted largely from his strong identification with Khomeini. Having relied on Rajavi to escape from Iran and subsequently forming an alliance with the Mujahedin leader, Banisadr may have compromised his independence, though he rejects that view. "In a struggle everyone is beholden to the others," he told TIME Paris Bureau Chief Jordan Bonfante. "I am beholden to the Mujahedin. They are beholden to me. And all of us are beholden to the martyrs who have been executed. I was elected President by the people, and the people have not retracted their confidence. Thus I am in a position to represent all of the different fronts of the opposition that are in favor of liberty and independence."

By removing Banisadr, Khomeini eliminated the last channel for peaceful opposition to his regime. He certainly invited the violence of the Mujahedin, a tightly structured group that had helped Khomeini come to power by organizing huge street demonstrations on his behalf in the last months of the Shah's rule. The movement dates from the mid-'60s, when it was formed to oppose the Shah. By 1969 some members of the Mujahedin, organized in cells, were receiving military training from Palestinian guerrillas in Lebanon and Jordan. From the start, the group integrated Islam into an ideology favoring a classless society—what one French analyst calls "Islamic Marxist sauce." In 1980, when Rajavi tried to run for President—his candidacy was vetoed by Khomeini—the Mujahedin platform focused on anti-capitalist, anti-Western slogans. It demanded the nationalization of all foreign businesses run by Iranians and "continuation of the anti-imperialist struggle," especially against the U.S.

From his new base in France, Rajavi is now making statements designed to gain broader acceptance outside Iran. He says that he would govern with a national council including representatives of all the forces "who agree with our line of independence and freedom, except the allies of the Shah and Khomeini." Asked why his promises should be more credible than those of Khomeini, who also pledged free speech and a pluralist society during his exile in France, Rajavi answers: "We are not just a group of intellectuals without any responsibility. We have been a popular movement for 17 years, and that means we are responsible."

Khomeini

The Mujahedin strategy is to keep whittling away at Khomeini's increasingly disjointed government. Only 15% of Iranians support the mullahs, the guerrillas believe, while 20% support the Mujahedin, with the middle ground occupied by a huge silent majority passively opposed to Khomeini but afraid to speak out. The purpose of the current campaign, says one Mujahedin leader, is to "break the barrier of terror" that keeps many Iranians from opposing Khomeini openly

The Mujahedin do not shy away from applying their own brand of terror. Dozens of Iranians heeding Khomeini's call to be "informers for God" by turning in neighbors and relatives who oppose the government have been executed by the guerrillas

Not everyone is convinced that this tactic will bring down Khomeini or, if it does, that Rajavi will be

And then there were three: Rafsanjani, Ardabeli and Kani

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OLYMPUS

the beneficiary. Rouhollah K. Ramazani, an Iran watcher at the University of Virginia, suggests that "Khomeini still has a tenacious hold on the people, especially the lower classes." French experts, who were among the first to predict the Shah's demise, contend that the Mujahedin may have suffered more at the Khomeini government's hands than they are willing to admit. Some Western intelligence sources doubt that the Mujahedin, though superbly organized, have as many followers as they claim. "They are not a popular movement," one analyst asserts. "Their ideology is not understood by the masses. They are capable of carrying out terror operations but not of governing Iran when Khomeini fades away." Rajavi's sudden flight from Iran may, in the end, hurt his cause. "One can't sit in Paris and run a counterrevolution," says Ramazani.

U.S. intelligence sources, similarly, do not believe that the Mujahedin enjoy sufficient popular support to take over. "They can obviously disrupt and terrorize, but whether they have an alternative program and leadership to offer is far from clear," says one expert. Washington, in any event, has no illusions about its ability to influence events in Iran. "We have an interest in Iran as a buffer to Soviet expansion," an Administration official explains. "But at this point, all we can do is sit back and wait to see what happens." Although Moscow has consistently supported Khomeini, the Soviets are in a similar quandary. *Pravda* reported the Raja'i-Bahonar killings factually and tersely—a sign that the Kremlin is keeping its options open. The Palestine Liberation Organization is caught between its initial attraction to Khomeini, who has steadily supported the Palestinian cause, and the Mujahedin, whose secular views are closer to its own. Hani al-Hassan, a top adviser to P.L.O. Leader Yasser Arafat, visited Rajavi in France last week.

The current impasse, according to Banisadr, can be broken only if Khomeini makes good on his original promise to support a democratic regime that offers basic liberties to all citizens. "That would at least allow for the possibility of a reconciliation among the different tendencies, and for a government that could govern," says Banisadr. There is little chance, however, of the stubborn octogenarian's backing down, nor is there any individual or group that could unite the divided Iranians. The army is generally considered the most cohesive force in the country, but it is hopelessly bogged down in the border war with Iraq, now a year old, and its ranks are split very much as the country is as a whole. Paradoxically, even the ailing Khomeini's opponents realize that his death might precipitate the very worst scenario. Predicts Banisadr: "It could provoke a terrible civil war." *—By Henry Muller. Reported by Raji Samghabadi/New York and William Stewart/Beirut*

"We Are on the Offensive"

Some 20 miles northwest of Paris, in the bucolic town of Auvers-sur-Oise, where Vincent van Gogh painted and died, the afternoon calm was broken only by the sound of workers adding another wing to the residence-in-exile of Mujahedin Leader Massoud Rajavi. Both the setting and the air of expectancy that pervaded last week were reminiscent of another place and time—when an exiled Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini held forth in the little village of Neauphle-le-Château just before Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi was overthrown in 1979. As half a dozen visitors waited under the fruit trees outside the blue-and-white tent that serves as his office at Auvers-sur-Oise, Rajavi, speaking English, talked with TIME *Correspondent Sandra Burton. Excerpts:*

On the Bombing That Killed Raja'i and Bahonar. It was the very natural conclusion of actions for which Khomeini is responsible. I recognize this response to the executions and torture as legitimate. There is no other solution.

On Whether Khomeini Should Be Killed. We have not recommended this solution, because we have a better one: inviting Mr. Khomeini to appear on television inside a court, with a jury of 36 million people, where he would be accorded all the rights he has refused to give us. The problem is not to kill somebody so that the change will come one day sooner. There is more profit for us in making the people understand why Khomeini is guilty.

Mujahedin Leader Massoud Rajavi in France

On the Situation in Iran. Khomeini is very weak. His people, who are responsible for the torture and executions, are falling down like the leaves of autumn. I don't think this story will continue too long: 90% of Khomeini's leadership is gone. The estimates of 1 million people at the [Raja'i and Bahonar] funeral are exaggerated; most journalists say there were not more than 100,000. I am not happy myself about the death of anyone, even my enemy, but we were informed by Iranian students that people were really happy and were congratulating us. We are on the offensive, and Khomeini is on the defensive.

On Accusations That the Mujahedin Are Marxists. Every high school student knows that believing in God, Jesus Christ and Muhammad is incompatible with the philosophy of Marxism. Everyone knows that, even Khomeini. But for dictators like Khomeini, "Marxist Islamic" is a very profitable phrase to use against any opposition. If Jesus Christ and Muhammad were alive and protesting against Khomeini, he would call them Marxists, too.

On a Mujahedin-Run Government. We would not have political prisons and executions. All political parties could operate freely. The government we want is national, progressive, democratic and Islamic. The Shah was a symbol of physical power, but he was a dictator and he fell. Khomeini is the symbol of spiritual power, but he too is a dictator and he is falling. If I wanted to govern this country and ignored these recent examples, then, even with the physical power of the Shah and the spiritual power of Khomeini, I would be defeated.

On the Superpowers. For us, nothing is more valuable than independence. This means that we don't want to be independent only of the U.S., Britain, France or Iraq, but also of other foreigners—including the Soviets. It has been a general reality in Iran that we have been under the historical domination of America for 25 years. Will people forget this? No. But that does not mean the Mujahedin want to gain independence from the U.S. and sell it to the Soviet Union.

SOUTH AFRICA

Marching to Pretoria's Beat

As the South Africans leave Angola, the U.S. takes heat

"The West's whole Africa policy is on the verge of collapse because of Washington's attitude," said a senior West German official. "South Africa is conducting an invasion, an act of aggression, and we feel the U.S. should have the courage to condemn it," said a French diplomat. The trigger for the complaints: the U.S.'s lone vote in the U.N. Security Council last week against condemning South Africa's massive search-and-destroy mission in Angola. The assault was aimed at guerrillas of the South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO), who are fighting for the independence of Namibia, a territory administered by South Africa.

At issue was Washington's increasing distance from its closest allies for failing to repudiate South Africa's boldest military venture since it committed troops to the Angolan civil war in 1975. For well over a week, an estimated 4,000 South African troops had ranged over southwestern Angola, seeking out new air defense systems said to have been set up to deter South African cross-border raids. After previous South African incursions, and subsequent calls for condemnation of South Africa at the U.N., the U.S. had abstained from chastising Pretoria and at least once joined a vote of disapproval. But last week's veto indicated that the Reagan Administration has other ideas. It apparently sees no gain in trying to prod Pretoria's apartheid regime, especially by public condemnation, into a change. It also prefers to view developments in southern Africa as part of an overall East-West confrontation rather than a black-white struggle. The Administration's policy for southern Africa was outlined only days before the U.N. veto by Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs Chester Crocker. Citing South Africa's mineral wealth and strategic importance, and the West's stake in the stability of southern Africa, Crocker insisted that the U.S "cannot and will not permit our hand to be forced to align ourselves with one side or another in these disputes," but should try "to maintain communications with all parties." Though he declared that the U.S. would not align itself with "abhorrent" apartheid policies, Crocker asserted that Washington "has no intention of destabilizing South Africa in order to curry favor elsewhere."

The speech was the strongest indication to date that the new U.S. strategy is to bolster South Africa's confidence by assuring Pretoria of its political and economic security in the face of regional turmoil. Said Crocker: "The worldwide significance of the region derives from its potential to become a cockpit of mounting East-West tensions."

Almost on cue, three days after South African troops had begun to withdraw from Angola, Defense Minister Magnus Malan announced that they had captured a Soviet soldier, Nikolai Pestretsov, 36, in a convoy of SWAPO guerrillas and Angolan forces some 31 miles from the Namibian border. Two unidentified Soviet lieutenant colonels and two Soviet women also were reported killed.

That Soviet military personnel are in Angola and that Moscow is supporting SWAPO has long been known. But this was the first evidence that Soviet advisers were involved with SWAPO down to the platoon level. According to the latest U.S. intelligence estimates, the Soviet Union has about 1,000 military and economic advisers in Angola. In addition there are around 400 East Germans (British estimates go as high as 2,500) and up to 20,000 Cuban military personnel.

The U.S. is a member of a five-nation Western "contact group" seeking a U.N.-sponsored Namibia settlement. The other four—Britain, France, West Germany and Canada—fear that U.S willingness to tolerate South Africa's provocative policies will only lead to delay, thus strengthening Soviet influence in the region. Last January South Africa withdrew its approval of a U.N.-sponsored plan for a cease-fire and for supervised free elections in Namibia, largely for fear that SWAPO would emerge victorious. Last week Secretary of State Alexander Haig revealed that Pretoria is again ready to go along with the U.N. plan, provided certain unspecified "confidence-building" measures are guaranteed beforehand.

The future of Namibia has become a touchstone of Western good faith in black Africa. Any association of the U.S. with Pretoria's Namibia policies will be seen by black Africa as a deeper identification with a regime that suppresses a black majority; it could also encourage South Africa to resist even minor reforms of apartheid. Says Donald McHenry, U.S Ambassador to the U.N. under Jimmy Carter and a former member of the contact group: "We are in danger of being on the wrong and losing side, as we were in Viet Nam, Iran and Nicaragua." A tilt toward South Africa, he adds, is "shortsighted, naive and part of [the Administration's] ideology and paranoia toward Communism. The South Africans' hope is to turn attention away from self-determination and racial domination to an East-West arena."

With remnants of the South African force still in Angola by week's end, the Luanda government threatened to appeal for help to expel them forcibly. Though the U.S. reversed an earlier pronouncement that it would boycott a planned U.N. special session on Namibia, it was determined to maintain a neutral role. Explained a U.S. official: "We are prepared to take the heat and hope that by taking heat we might facilitate compromises in the long run," meaning that support to South Africa now might translate into a settlement with Pretoria on Namibia later. —*By Russ Hoyle. Reported by Marsh Clark/Johannesburg*

South African troops with Soviet-made antiaircraft gun and rocket launcher

Turning attention away from racial domination to an East-West conflict

Captured Soviet

LIBERIA

Moving Up in the Ranks

Samuel Doe consolidates his power—sometimes bloodily

Stung by worldwide condemnation of the seaside executions in April 1980 that followed his ouster of President William R. Tolbert, Liberia's new head of state, Master Sergeant Samuel K. Doe, promised a quick return to civilian rule and a halt to the killings. Seventeen months later, Doe, 30, remains in power—and the killing has resumed. In June, 13 soldiers were executed after confessing to a plot to overthrow Doe and his People's Redemption Council (P.R.C.). Last month five members of the P.R.C. itself, including Doe's deputy, Thomas Weh Syen, were shot after a military tribunal convicted them of planning to assassinate Doe. TIME *Nairobi Bureau Chief Jack White, who witnessed the 1980 executions, returned to Monrovia last week and sent this report.*

From his ruthless elimination of potential rivals to his obvious fondness for the perks of office, all the signs indicate that having tasted power, Doe is in no hurry to relinquish it and return to the barracks. He has started to shed some of the military image: in place of the camouflage fatigues and jaunty beret that were his trademark in the early post-revolution period, he now occasionally wears well-tailored suits. The modest Honda Civic in which he drove himself last year is seldom seen these days. Instead, he races around Monrovia in a chauffeured black Mercedes-Benz limousine flanked by motorcycle police with wailing sirens. A hairdresser comes to his suite in the Israeli-built Executive Mansion each morning to fluff up his luxuriant Afro. As one Liberian official puts it: "He is getting comfortable as the head of state."

Perhaps the most significant signal of Doe's intentions came in July, when he promoted himself from master sergeant to general and commander in chief of Liberia's 5,000-man army. The promotion was accompanied by a crackdown on dissent. The twelve civilians in his 17-member Cabinet were drafted into the army with the rank of major, a move that made them subject to military discipline and curbed their ability to speak out in public. Most important, Doe forced a showdown with Weh Syen, his staunchest critic in the P.R.C., who had publicly lashed out at Doe's decision to close the Libyan embassy when it renamed itself a "people's bureau" without Liberian authorization, and to expel nine of the 15 Soviet diplomats stationed in Monrovia on suspicion of spying.

Commander in Chief Doe

In mid-August, Weh Syen and four other P.R.C. members were arrested and tried by a secret military court. The main charge: plotting to kill Doe and other military leaders. Found guilty, the five men were led past a howling mob to the Barclay Training Center, Monrovia's main military barracks, to be shot and bludgeoned to death in their cells later that night. Besides consolidating Doe's grip on the P.R.C., says a Western diplomat, "the killings were a warning to the former civilians in the Cabinet." One who took the warning seriously was Minister of Planning Togba-Nah Tipoteh, an American-trained economist. Two weeks ago, he sent in his resignation from the safety of the neighboring Ivory Coast, where he requested political asylum.

While the renewed terror has muted Doe's critics, it has understandably done little to reassure foreign investors or Liberian businessmen of stability any time soon. One reminder is the conduct of Colonel Harrison Pennue, a former corporal and Doe loyalist who likes to boast that he disemboweled President Tolbert. Doe appointed Pennue to a P.R.C. committee charged with collecting $36 million owed by private debtors to the defunct Bank of Liberia. So far, says a foreign businessman, "not one cent" of the millions of dollars in cash that Pennue collected has been turned over to the central bank. On the same day that Doe met with Western diplomats and businessmen to inform them that shakedowns would stop, Pennue ordered his bodyguards to hold down the manager of the government-controlled radio station while the colonel flogged him with a belt. The man's crime: passing Pennue's car, which was stopped along Monrovia's main street. Doe finally jailed Pennue for four days as a "warning" to other P.R.C. members.

Despite the P.R.C.'s excesses, the U.S. Government remains supportive of the regime. While total foreign aid has been drastically slashed by the Reagan Administration, U.S. annual assistance to Liberia has leaped from $8 million during the last year of Tolbert's presidency to $68.3 million this year, an increase, at a time of general retrenchment, that Washington explains as due to the fact that there is "no visible alternative" to the Doe regime. The U.S. is helping to pay Liberia's monthly oil bill of $12 million, supplying more than 20,000 tons of rice at subsidized prices and building new barracks for the army. A team of 100 U.S. Special Forces soldiers arrived in Monrovia on the first anniversary of Doe's coup for joint exercises with the Liberian armed forces. American diplomats insist that they aim to promote a degree of stability that will allow the Liberians to enjoy the "fruits of the revolution." They are also clearly pleased with the pro-American drift of the Doe regime.

That trend worries some Liberian officials. "Most of us feel that America is more comfortable with these people than with some intellectuals who might pursue a more independent foreign policy," says one Monrovia official. "We don't see the U.S. doing much to persuade Doe to return Liberia to the civilians. Unless something unforeseen forces him to step down, we think Doe will be in power for at least five more years." The skeptics are not assured by the fact that a commission has begun to draft a new constitution and is expected to complete it before the end of 1982. Nonetheless, Doe's newly appointed P.R.C. vice chairman, Major General Nicholas Podier, insists that the soldiers will eventually return to the barracks. ■

Special Forces trooper training Liberians at base near Monrovia

Crackdowns and executions, but "no visible alternative."

EGYPT

Cracking Down

Sadat locks up his opponents

Tensions between Egypt's 37 million Muslims and 6 million Coptic Christians had been mounting in an ever more violent spiral for months. In June, fighting erupted among rival worshipers in a Cairo slum and left at least 14 dead. Soldiers were posted in front of Coptic churches but failed to thwart a bomb attack in August, on a Coptic wedding party, that killed three, including two Muslim guests. Last week President Anwar Sadat made good on his threat to deal harshly with what his government has described as "sectarian sedition." In the most sweeping crackdown since he took power nearly eleven years ago, Sadat's government banned six political publications and jailed at least 1,100 of his most volatile critics: religious figures, politicians, lawyers and journalists.

The massive wave of arrests was prompted, Egyptian officials explained, by Muslims and Christians who indulged in "irresponsible and suspicious acts." But political opponents of Sadat's regime charged that the President was exploiting the issue of religious strife to silence critics of Egypt's peace treaty with Israel and of endemic problems such as inflation, corruption and housing shortages. Said Khaled Mohieddin, leader of the leftist National Progressive Unionist Party: "Everyone who reads the names of the detainees will understand the aim of the campaign."

Egyptian police launched the roundup with late-night calls on leading political dissidents and religious militants. Mohammed Heikal, author, journalist and confidant of the late President Gamal Abdel Nasser, was roused at 3 a.m. at his summer villa in Alexandria and escorted —"gently," said an aide—to Cairo's Tora Prison. Sheikh Abdel Hamid Kishk, a blind fundamentalist preacher renowned for his rigid Islamic orthodoxy, was jailed for his vitriolic sermons against Copts. Five other Muslim imams were also arrested, along with seven activist members of the Coptic clergy.

Sadat's government has kept a watchful eye on a nascent coalition of opposition groups. Following Israel's bombing of the Baghdad nuclear reactor and Beirut, leftist and religious critics began sharing the same platform to denounce Sadat's wholehearted embrace of the U.S.-sponsored Camp David peace process. The broad purge seemed to reflect an uneasy concern that the regime's detractors were displaying new signs of unity.

In response to the arrests, several hundred Muslim zealots marched on a Coptic cathedral in Cairo, but were repulsed by riot police firing volleys of tear gas. Sadat's political response was equally firm. Late last week, he announced that he would show "no mercy" to Muslim groups involved in the strife and vowed to strip all powers from Pope Shenouda III, 117th Patriarch of the Coptic Church of Egypt. ■

An Epidemic of Bombings

How did you spend your summer? It almost seemed, reading the bulletins, that terrorists of every persuasion around the globe could answer: Building bombs. The assassination bomb in Iran was but one in a worldwide flurry of terrorist attacks in the past fortnight directed at targets as diverse—and often as senseless—as the fanaticisms that triggered them. A bombing Baedeker:

Vienna, Aug. 29. Two Arab terrorists, wielding automatic weapons and hand grenades, assaulted worshipers outside the city's main synagogue. Two people were killed, 18 injured. The Palestine Liberation Organization denied responsibility and blamed the assault on a dissident faction based in Baghdad.

Paris, Aug. 30. An explosion ripped through and heavily damaged the lobby of the Inter-Continental Hotel. Eighteen guests and employees were injured. There was no credible claim of responsibility.

Nablus, Israeli-occupied West Bank, Aug. 30. A bomb was apparently planted under a cart and wheeled into the city's marketplace. It exploded, killing a teen-age girl and injuring 14 passersby, all Arabs. The Israelis have accused the P.L.O.; local residents charge that Israeli extremists were responsible for the attack.

Ramstein, West Germany, Aug. 31. Two bombs were detonated in front of U.S. Air Force headquarters, causing extensive damage and injuring 20 people, 18 of them American soldiers. The Red Army Faction, once known as the Baader-Meinhof gang, claimed responsibility for the strike against "imperialism." Next day at Wiesbaden, several cars at an estate for U.S. servicemen were torched.

Lima, Aug. 31. The U.S. embassy, the American ambassador's residence, and facilities of four companies with U.S. connections were damaged by bombs. No one was injured; no one claimed responsibility.

Vehicles damaged by bombs at air base in West Germany

Frankfurt, Sept. 1. The regional office of the Social Democratic Party was firebombed and gutted. The Red Army Faction claimed responsibility.

Beirut, Aug. 31. A bomb exploded in an empty Middle East Airlines Boeing 720. There were no casualties. Lebanese officials suspected that the device was planted by Lebanese Shi'ite groups protesting the 1978 disappearance of their leader, Iranian-born Imam Musa Sadr.

Maseru, Lesotho, Sept. 2. A bomb tore off the roof of the terminal building at Maseru airport and shattered windows in an adjoining restaurant and airline offices. Next day bombs exploded in a crowded bar and outside the U.S. International Communication Agency. The attacks were presumed to be the work of the Lesotho Liberation Army.

Damascus, Sept. 3. A bomb hidden in a parked car in front of Syria's air force headquarters blew up, killing 20 and wounding 50. The air force building and an adjacent hospital were heavily damaged. A man who drove the car to the building was shot to death while trying to flee. No one claimed responsibility.

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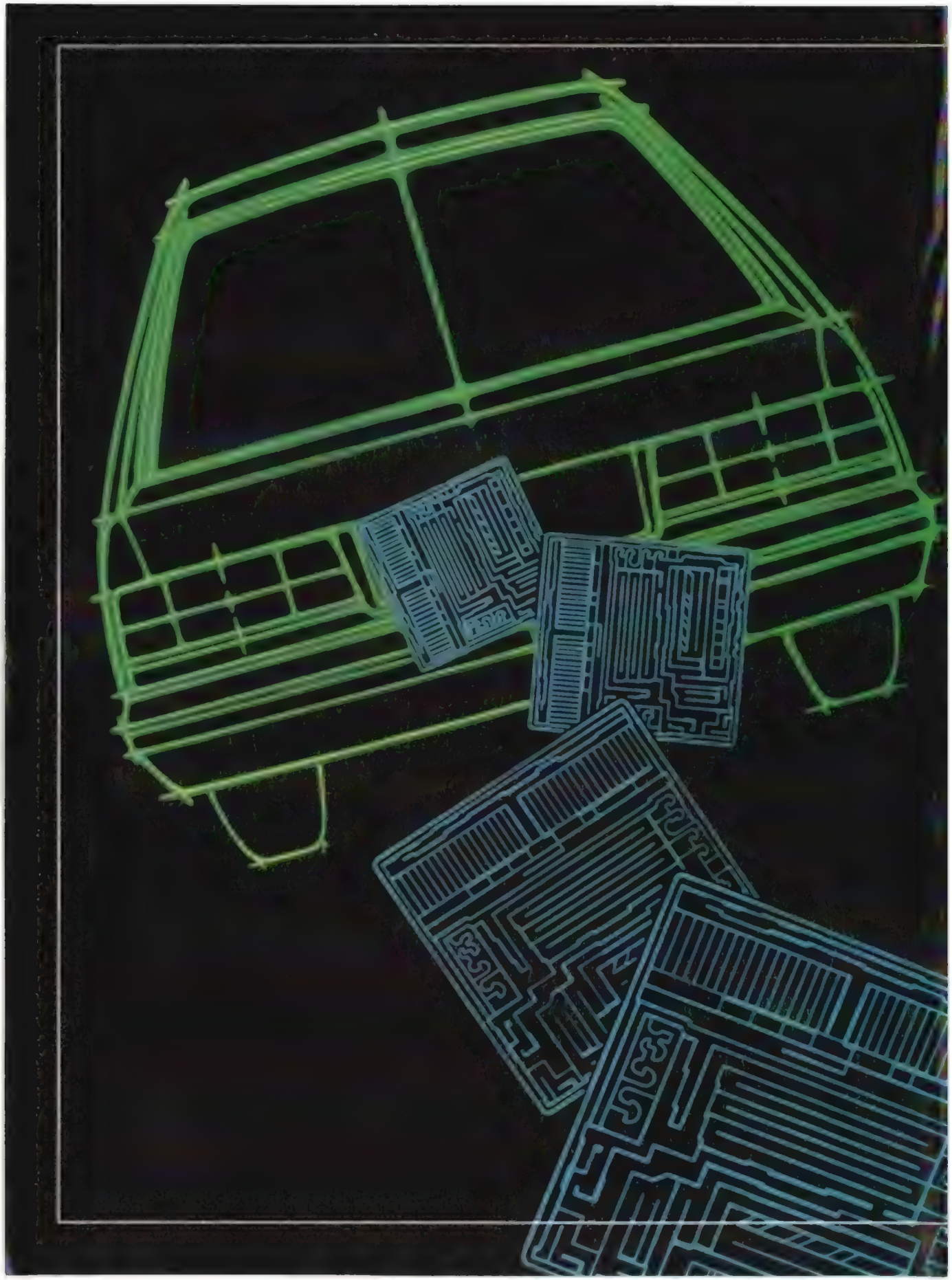

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*A 1979 independent mail survey of 37,495 APA members with 11,931 responding.

POLAND

Solidarity One Year Later

Striking a balance between attack and accommodation

Spirits quickened in Poland once again last week as the country was swept anew by the euphoria and the unease that have characterized so much of the past year. The independent labor federation Solidarity celebrated the first anniversary of its recognition by the Polish government and proceeded to hold its first national congress. The Central Committee of the Polish Communist Party met to denounce Solidarity and some of its latest efforts for reform. And lest the aggressive unionists forget the facts of Polish geography, the Soviet Union staged military maneuvers off Poland's northeastern borders—a reminder to Solidarity's leaders that there are limits to their ambitions.

These are strange days in Poland: more political freedom than most citizens can remember in their lifetimes, coupled with hard times, food shortages, long queues for essential commodities, and nagging uncertainty about the future. On the very day of Solidarity's anniversary, the government announced sharp increases in the price of bread and cereal. Since it was a meat-price hike that had led to prolonged unrest last year, and the subsequent birth of Solidarity, it was conceivable that the new increases would trigger protests. In fact there were none—perhaps because the public realized that bread prices had been unrealistically low. At 12¢ a loaf, bread had actually been cheaper than the grain used to make it. As a result, whenever they could do so, farmers bought bread by the truckload and fed it to their pigs and chickens. So most people accepted the new prices (28¢ for an ordinary loaf) with barely a shrug.

What was most notable about the increases was that the government did not clear them beforehand with Solidarity Leader Lech Walesa and his colleagues. Solidarity had maintained that there should be no changes in food prices until an economic reform program had been agreed upon. The government went ahead anyway, and Solidarity acquiesced, to avoid yet another showdown.

Each side blames the other for the parlous state of the Polish economy. The party leadership criticizes the union, claiming that strikes and obstruction have cut productivity during the past year. The union blames the government and the party for a decade of mismanagement under Edward Gierek, who was ousted last year after the rise of Solidarity. Poland has a skilled labor force, ample farm land and considerable mineral wealth, but Gierek's grandiose heavy-industry schemes have left the country virtually bankrupt and $27 billion in debt to the West. And Solidarity now goes further: it has zeroed in on mismanagement at the local level and is pressing for a program of "self-management" under which factories and other enterprises would be run not by state-appointed managers but by directors chosen by workers' councils. In July, employees of LOT, the state airline, struck for four hours over the right to choose a new director. They did not succeed. But a few weeks later, worker representatives from 1,000 enterprises met in the port city of Gdansk to discuss self-management. Then they went home and, in many cases, proceeded with plans to put it into practice. The result is confusion in the economy and consternation in the government.

The Communist Party's Central Committee, mindful of Moscow's warning that Poland should not resort to "non-Leninist" means in trying to solve its economic problems, is taking a fairly hard line on the subject. Insisting that the state would not give up its right to choose managers, Party Boss Stanislaw Kania warned Solidarity that the government would use "any means necessary to defend socialism." The Central Committee seemed ready, however, to offer two concessions: 1) the state would be prepared to select directors from lists of candidates submitted by workers' councils; and 2) the workers' councils of "smaller enterprises" might be permitted to appoint their directors without interference. If the government were willing to extend the latter principle to all but perhaps 200 of the larger or more politically sensitive enterprises, a compromise with Solidarity might be possible.

At their national congress last weekend in Gdansk, where the movement was born, Solidarity leaders discussed current problems and made plans for another meeting on the issue later this month. But they were also preoccupied with the momentous changes that their country has undergone since the signing of the Gdansk agreement by the government and the unionists a year ago. The party has been challenged and to a considerable extent reformed; the Catholic Church, though now deprived of its venerable primate Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, who died last May, has become an arbiter between party and union; and Solidarity has grown into an organization of 10 million members, the only independent trade union in the Communist bloc. The climate of fear that lay over the land for more than three decades has gradually eased: people are able to speak freely, to buy books that were long suppressed, to secure passports for travel abroad.

On anniversary of Gdansk agreement, women visit monument to workers killed in 1970 rioting

Soviet maneuvers served as a reminder that there are limits to the Poles' ambitions.

Now Solidarity's leaders are faced with uncertainty over what to do next. Moderates like Walesa try to strike a balance between attack and accommodation; some of his lieutenants think only in terms of striking out at the Communist establishment. Like all Poles, they are obsessed with their history: of rising up against oppressive neighbors, only to be defeated and subjugated; like all Poles, they know that the Soviets could still intervene. A fortnight ago, the new primate of Poland, Archbishop Jozef Glemp, reminded his countrymen of the nearly 150 years of bondage they had endured after the partitions of the late 18th century. "This is a painful warning to us," he said. "We should think about it deeply." Solidarity's dilemma remains as formidable today as it was a year ago—to press its case forcefully, but never hard enough to bring destruction. —*By William E. Smith. Reported by Richard Hornik / Warsaw*

Economy & Business

The Great Savings Scramble

Promises of high interest and low taxes dazzle everyone except the IRS

Savers weary of such incentives for opening a new bank account as toasters, popcorn poppers and electric frying pans last month received a new and different kind of bonus: high interest rates. Banks and savings and loan associations across the U.S. unleashed massive advertising campaigns to induce customers to sign up early for the new All Savers Certificates. The A.S.C.s were devised to help ailing S and Ls attract business by offering higher interest rates than those given on passbook accounts and a partial tax exemption on yields. Banks and S and Ls have been promising depositors annual interest rates of 20%, 30% and even 50% until Oct. 1, when the All Savers accounts officially start.

It all sounded too good to be true, and it was. The Internal Revenue Service ruled last week that the big cash bonuses in most cases nullified the tax-free status of the savings certificates. Moneymen were outraged by the ruling, while consumers were left more bewildered than ever by the jabberwocky of interest rates given by banks and S and Ls. In recent weeks financial institutions have paid between 5.25% and 50% annual interest on various deposits.

The origin of last week's IRS action was a congressional measure earlier this year designed to make it easier for the S and Ls to get deposits that could be used for mortgages. During the first seven months of 1981, S and Ls and savings banks lost upwards of $25 billion in funds. Some lending institutions have now virtually stopped making mortgage loans because they no longer have money available. Much of the missing investment is going into money-market funds, which gained $75.7 billion in the past eight months.

The reason for the cash flow is simple: S and Ls pay only 5.5% annually on passbook accounts, while money-market funds last week were yielding 16% and more per year. The A.S.C.s, which require that money be deposited for one year, were legislated to aid the S and Ls in their attempts to win customers back from the money funds.

Critics charge, however, that the A.S.C.s are a giveaway to the savings institutions because the tax-free provision is just a way of lowering the amount of interest that they have to pay in order to attract depositors. Opponents also point out that the financial firms are under no obligation to put the new funds into mortgages.

Banks and S and Ls can pay on the A.S.C.s up to 70% of the average interest on the most recently issued one-year Treasury bills. On the basis of last week's Treasury offering, the yield on the accounts in early October will be 12.61%. The A.S.C. is more attractive than money-market funds for some investors because the first $1,000 an individual earns on it ($2,000 for a couple) is tax free.

The A.S.C. is most beneficial to middle- and upper-middle income people. Investors must be in a relatively high tax bracket, about 30%, for the tax saving to compensate for a return that is lower than from a money-market fund. For instance, a family with an income of $50,000 a year and normal deductions would have to receive a taxable return of about 20% to equal the tax-free yield of 12.61%. For people making less money, however, the A.S.C. is not as attractive. For a family earning $19,000 annually, that same 12.61% would be equivalent to a taxable return of only approximately 16%. Thus, those people might do as well by putting their cash into a money-market fund.

Savings institutions saw the A.S.C. as a potential bonanza that could yield $250 billion in new deposits, and they began offering the big interest bonuses as a way to sign up customers early. The key to the deal that the bankers used was an obscure financial instrument known as repurchase agreements or repos, which are short-term loans to financial institutions backed by Government securities. Early A.S.C. depositors were actually buying part of a repo with their money, and the funds were to be turned into an A.S.C. automatically on Oct. 1. Repos are currently paying a return of about 18%, but savings institutions were willing to give the 40% or 50% annual interest for one month in order to get customers into the yearlong A.S.C.s.

A competitive scramble among banks quickly broke out. The bidding war began in Massachusetts, for example, when the Boston Five Cents Savings Bank pledged an 18% annual interest. Of course, that return would be paid for just one month, so customers were actually getting a yield of only 1½% on their money for that period. Charlestown Savings Bank followed with an offer of 18½%. Then the Home Savings Bank in

Illustration for TIME by Michael [illegible]

Boston said that it would top the offer of any other major local bank by one percentage point. But all Boston savings institutions were outbid by Merchants Bank of Burlington, Vt., which promised to pay 50% on an annual basis—for one month. Said Merchants Bank President Dudley Davis: "This is one of the few opportunities to guarantee a margin of profit for the bank, attract new customers and provide a profitable return to the investor."

Some bankers were unhappy about the bidding battles. Said one Massachusetts S and L executive: "There is no doubt that some institutions have reacted in an undignified manner." Edward Melcher, senior vice president of Atlantic Federal Savings & Loan Association in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., which did not join the fray, said it reminded him of a price war.

But for many savers the lure of 50% interest rates was almost irresistible. In just a few days, an estimated 10,000 customers signed up for the A.S.C.s at Dime Savings Bank of New York, which was offering interest rates of up to 18% plus an up-front cash bonus of $100 or more. Jefferson Federal Savings and Loan Association in Washington, D.C., received the $1 million it had decided to accept under the new plan in 1½ days.

Most of that scrambling came screeching to a halt, though, when the Internal Revenue Service vetoed many of the offers. The IRS ruled against the plans because some banks and S and Ls were tying together the repos and the A.S.C.s. By doing so, the moneymen hoped to channel the new money they had attracted directly into the certificates. But the IRS decided that both offers tied together became, in effect, one big financial package. The interest paid on that deposit, it ruled, would exceed the maximum rate of return set by Congress: 70% of the average interest on one-year Treasury bills.

The IRS acted quickly to prevent confusion on the part of savers, who might think the package of repos and certificates was entirely tax exempt. No bank had advertised the plan that way, but the fact that the interest on a repo is fully taxable tended to get lost amid the noisy promotions.

Nonetheless, the IRS ruled that savings institutions are still free to offer the repos at high interest rates if they unbundle the package and do not require buyers of repos to invest in certificates as well. After the IRS announcement, many banks said that they were going to continue giving their bonuses.

What about those thousands of customers who had already purchased repos and certificate packages before the IRS decision? They will be permitted to cash in the repos and purchase A.S.C.s, but only if their bank frees them from the package agreement. The banks must give their customers the right to redeem the repos and take the high interest without investing in the A.S.C.s. Otherwise, their whole repos–All Savers deal will not be considered tax free.

While federal rulemakers were knocking down the high interest offers, they were giving another ruling that was favorable to the A.S.C.s. Banking regulators decided that the $480 billion invested in the popular six-month money-market certificates in denominations of $10,000 or more can be converted into A.S.C.s without a charge for early withdrawal. The penalty is usually the loss of three months' interest.

Despite last week's setback on the A.S.C.s, financial institutions are getting ready to push another account that provides a tax break for savers. A separate provision of last summer's tax bill allows people who already have a company pension program to set up their own Individual Retirement Accounts (IRAs). These had previously been limited to people who did not have a company pension plan.

The law permits people to put up to $2,250 in a special account created by a savings institution, a brokerage house or a life insurance firm, or to place that amount in certain special government bonds. Savers do not have to pay tax on the earnings or interest on the deposit until it is withdrawn at retirement. By then, the income of most people has declined, and the tax on the money earned is reduced. Experts expect that as many as 10 million people will now open some type of retirement account.

The change in the IRA regulation does not take effect until Jan. 1, 1982, but banks are already making plans for the new deposits. New York's Citibank will market the accounts in so-called Tax Shelter Centers and at its branches.

Americans in recent months have become increasingly canny savers, who search out the highest available returns and the best tax advantages. In turn, banks and savings and loans are becoming much more aggressive in selling new services. Indeed, last week's developments showed that financiers may never be able to go back to the days when they could win a new account just by offering the depositor a Teddy bear or a toaster. *—By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by Jonathan Beaty/Washington and Christopher Redman/Detroit*

The March of Dollars

Residents of Detroit, Buffalo and other Canadian-U.S. border towns have long driven into Canada to buy gasoline at bargain prices, at times 40% less than at home. Lately they have had another reason for crossing the border: interest rates paid by Canadian banks are much higher than those obtainable in the U.S. A regular passbook savings account in Canada now earns up to 19% interest, while federal law holds U.S. commercial banks to a miserly 5.25%. An account in Canada is even more attractive to an American with large deposits. Banks there pay 19% interest and up on accounts of varying sizes that are left for 30 days.

No one knows how much money has so far flowed out of U.S. banks and into Canadian ones, but traffic in recent months around the tunnel connecting Detroit to Windsor, Ont., suggests that the amount is large. Says one Windsor bank manager: "We've had a tremendous surge in funds from across the river." Nor is the march of dollars limited to border towns. Bank branches in Toronto and Montreal are getting deposits by mail from people throughout the U.S.

DAVID A. FRANKLIN

Canada Trust poster in Windsor, Ont.

To get the maximum interest, foreign depositors must convert their holdings into Canadian dollars, which traded at a 50-year low of 80.3¢ against the U.S. dollar as recently as a month ago. But that does not seem to deter some savers who say that the risk of a currency decline is outweighed by the high interest rates they receive. Says Detroit Advertising Salesman Phillip Marien, who has a Canadian passbook account: "I don't worry too much about a currency devaluation. You can take money out at any time without a penalty."

Canadian banks, though, will soon be losing their monopoly on high bank rates. Taking advantage of Canada's new liberalized rules on foreign bank operations, the National Bank of Detroit is opening its first branch in Windsor this week, and it will offer the same rates as Canadian banks. Says one of its officers: "It will be nice to get a piece of the action over there."

Going After the Mightiest Market

Madison Avenue aims anew at the baby-boom generation

Almost any night on prime-time television, Yankee Pitcher "Goose" Gossage, 30, urges adults to "take a powder" with Johnson's baby powder, and Annette Funicello, 38, the onetime Mouseketeer who frolicked in the beach-blanket movies of the early 1960s, plugs the virtues of Skippy peanut butter. In radio commercials, Peek Freans are presented as a "serious cookie" too good to "waste on children," and jeansmaker Levi Strauss & Co promotes its Levi's for Men line of pants by promising "the comfort you loved as a boy, the fit you need as a man."

Those jolly folks on Madison Avenue are at it again, revealing more about major American social trends than many of the programs their heavy selling efforts subsidize. While 15 years ago advertisers were concentrating on "the youth market," today they are aiming at those same people now transformed into adults. This is the group that the New York advertising agency Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn in 1964 dubbed "the Pepsi Generation." But their buying tastes are changing along with their age, and market people are adapting products and advertising pitches to come up with whole new lines of goods for the baby-boom adults.

The market target is massive. Seventy-six million people, nearly one-third of the U.S. population, were born between 1946 and 1964. Moreover, now that they are mostly in their 20s to mid-30s, many baby-boom adults are taking home big paychecks for the first time. Population experts refer to this as "the pig in a python" phenomenon because demographic charts today resemble a snake that has just swallowed something huge. The people born during the baby boom form a large group that comes between two periods of baby bust: the Depression and the 1970s. The boom is slowly working its way through society, and is now reaching the center point. Says Consumer Researcher Fabian Linden: "The baby-boom generation is not some esoteric Indian tribe but is now the hard core, the mainstream, of the population of the U.S."

In the 1970s, the baby-boom children were "singles," the glamour class of childless sybarites that had responsibilities to no one other than themselves. A decade later, they are dropping anchor. Harvard Demographer George Masnick foresees them aspiring "to put down roots, to plant gardens, to rake the leaves." Already, says he, "young men and women are moving to the country in droves, trying to get away from the singles bars, the single apartment complexes."

What most interests marketing people and admen about the baby-boom adults, though, is the collective size of their paychecks. In 1970 the mean annual income for a 25- to 34-year-old was $6,828. By 1980 that had almost doubled, to $13,201, or a nationwide total of $424 billion. By 1990 it could reach $1.2 trillion, equal to about half the entire U.S. gross national product last year.

What baby-boom adults do with all that money is revealing. Studies show that 25- to 34-year-olds are among the biggest buyers of such items as major appliances, furniture, curtains, rugs and housewares. They also have more discretionary income to plunk down for travel, fancy electronic gadgetry and other luxury goods: approximately $4,600 a year if they earn the current national mean household income of about $20,000, according to one study by Ted Bates & Co., the fifth largest U.S. ad agency. What is more, they spend money fast. The baby-boom generation is also the credit-card generation. Economists estimate that a major cause of the low U.S. savings rate, less than 5% of earnings, is that so many baby-boom adults are fast approaching their peak spending and borrowing years.

The road ahead, however, is not as paved with riches as Madison Avenue would like to believe. The baby-boom group is not all homogeneously wealthy, upscale, dual career types who snap up gold Rolex watches or flashy sports cars. Richard Carlson, a Stanford Research Institute senior economist, believes that the affluence of the baby-boom generation has been overestimated. Those born before 1955, the "first wave," are indeed in a social and economic position to fulfill Madison Avenue's wildest dreams. But those born after that, he says, were greeted in young adulthood by recession, rising housing costs, steep interest rates and high unemployment. Some do not have enough money left over to buy even record albums, which were practically the birthright of those born in the early 1950s. During the past two years, sales of recorded music dropped from $4.1 billion to $3.7 billion. Says Carlson: "The whole concept of one general ad and one general audience is already dead, and advertisers are just starting to figure that out."

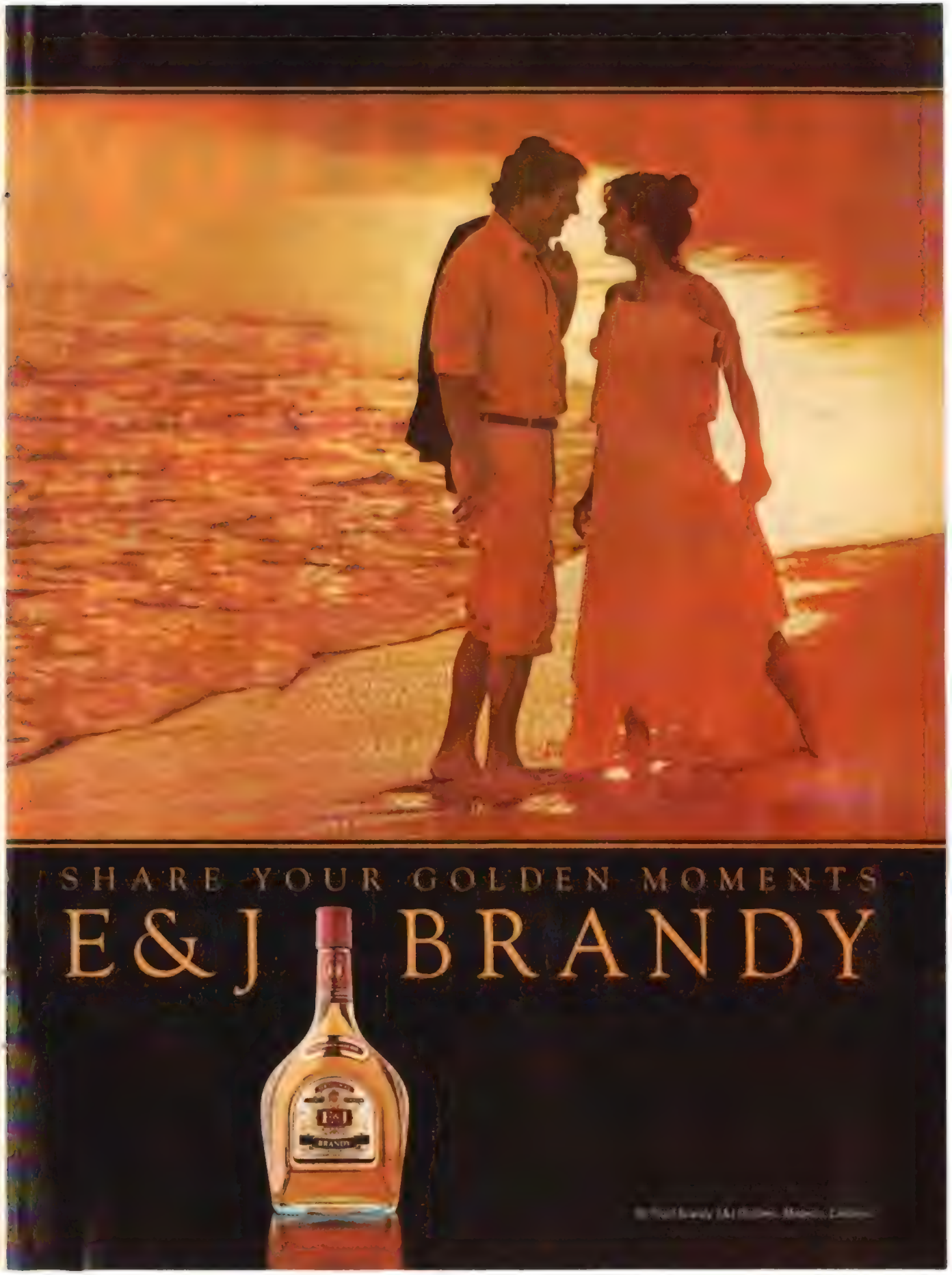
The rush is on, though, to lure dollars from the richer baby-boomers, those in their early 30s. Says Adman Jerry Della Femina in awe: "They are the biggest single factor in anyone's marketing calculation. They are the people who make or break products." But winning them is not an easy task because of a couple of other characteristics: a high level of education (25% of the generation have college degrees, *vs* 10% in 1950) and an insistence on quality. Writes Landon Y. Jones, 37, in his lively 1980 "biography" of the baby-boom generation, *Great Expectations*: "Trained in rational decision making—to compare, question and analyze—baby-boomers as a group are far less likely to follow brand loyalties. On the other hand, they are more likely to appreciate the differences that quality can make. They do not buy just any stereo set; they buy the best stereo set. They do not buy any tennis racquet; they buy the best tennis racquet."

Introducing new products is one way to get at the dollars of the baby-boom generation, although doing it can be tricky and expensive. It requires hitting the right notes by sensing attitudes and styles of living at the right moment. The Cuisinart is Author Jones' favorite example. Says he: "It is the consummate baby-boom product. It saves time and is used for the sophisticated meals favored by the educated and affluent." Cuisinart sales have exploded since the company was founded in 1971, with the greatest gains in the past five years.

Another entrée: a la Carte-brand foods from Kraft. They are single-serving main dishes, like beef burgundy or creamed chicken, which are neither frozen nor canned but packed and vacuum-sealed in a new kind of aluminum and plastic pouch that can be stored on a shelf, popped into boiling water and eaten in five minutes. Kraft publicity identifies the

Pitching baby products for adults and special clothes for women

The pig in the python fast approaches its peak spending years.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Quality

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An engineer demonstrates the importance of a suspension component to the men and women who will install it on the assembly line.

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LIGHT 100's
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
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market as: "Dual income families, working single parents and single people who lead active lives." Kraft is pleased with test-market results of a la Carte in half a dozen cities, and the product will soon be sold nationally.

Microwave ovens, made for home use since the mid-1950s but only truly popular in their newer, "safer" versions since the early 1970s, are seen by some experts as the coming gadget for the 1980s and beyond. Says Harvard's Masnick: "You can come home from work, take the chicken out of the freezer and have it on the dinner table in an hour." Also useful, says he, for houses where both spouses work, are security systems "to protect homes that stand empty all day."

A major way that companies have changed to meet the demands of the dominant consumer group is to "reposition" products through advertising, as they say along Madison Avenue. This means trying to make an existing product appeal to a new audience. Snickers candy bars, for example, are now being sold by actors in hard hats on television, who declare: "I can eat a Snickers, go back to work and not worry about being hungry until it's time for lunch." Johnson & Johnson is currently pitching its baby-oil, baby-powder and baby-shampoo ads directly at adults, often with the help of endorsements by sports stars past their 20s. Ad copy for Levi's Womenswear reads: "I wear Bend Over clothes every place. I'm old enough to know what I want. And young enough to get it!"

Everywhere the baby-boom generation is being massaged for its money. Retailers, for example, have discovered that these people are laying aside the sloppy attire of the 1960s. And even the fall catalogue of L.L. Bean, the Freeport, Me., sporting goods store, offers dressy shirts and slacks. In the 1970s, one of Bean's big sellers was hiking boots; now it is plain-toe, lace-up shoes. Says Director of Product Management Charles Kessler: "We're seeing the dress-up tendency."

Electronic games, at first turned out mainly for teen-agers, have become elaborately complicated to appeal to adults. At least one toymaker, Mattel, is now making a home computer in an attempt to make up for lost toy sales in the downsize baby market.

Seeing that affluent members of the generation prefer foreign cars, Detroit's automakers are counterattacking. One entry: Cadillac's Cimarron, whose hefty price of $12,000 and up has not discouraged sales thus far, and should not if General Motors' calculations prove correct. The company has found that during the 1980s, the number of people in the 35-to-44 age bracket earning more than $35,000 should grow by 129%. As in many other businesses, Detroit knows that those baby-boom consumers will be fueling its sales for years to come. —*By John S. DeMott. Reported by Bob Buderi/San Francisco and Denise Worrell/New York*

Hard to ignore: the 12-ft.-long model of an airplane nose that promotes Pacific Western Airlines flies out of the advertisement

Blow-Up Billboards

I think that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree.
Indeed, unless the billboards fall
I'll never see a tree at all.
—Ogden Nash, *Song of the Open Road.*

These days Ogden Nash might have trouble seeing the forest as well as the trees. Now appearing along American highways are giant, air-filled, three-dimensional billboards. Since Robert Keith Vicino, 28, the president of Robert Keith & Co. of San Diego, created his first inflatable billboard display (a 30-ft. tall beer bottle for Budweiser in 1979), demand has inflated as fast as the blow-up advertisements. This year Vicino expects sales of $1.2 million.

The bulbous parts of the billboards, which are attached to a regular outdoor advertisement, are made out of vinyl-coated nylon, and a small electric fan directed inside the air bag keeps them inflated. The inflatables tout everything from hot dogs to radio stations. One in Toronto that shows a 12-ft.-long airplane nose sticking out of an advertisement for Pacific Western Airlines cost $4,000, and a billboard in The Bronx that has a 23-ft.-long hand pulling a cigarette out of a 12-ft.-high pack of Kent Golden Lights was $11,000.

Vicino has erected 50 blow-up billboards, and so far reports few problems. The company says that it has received no complaints from neighbors irritated by the inflated advertising. The only untoward incident was when a prankster in Newport Beach, Calif., stuffed a mannequin's leg into the mouth of a giant killer whale advertising the Los Angeles Marineland amusement park.

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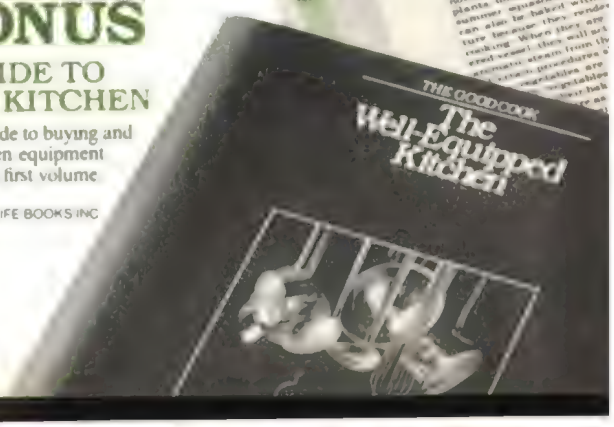

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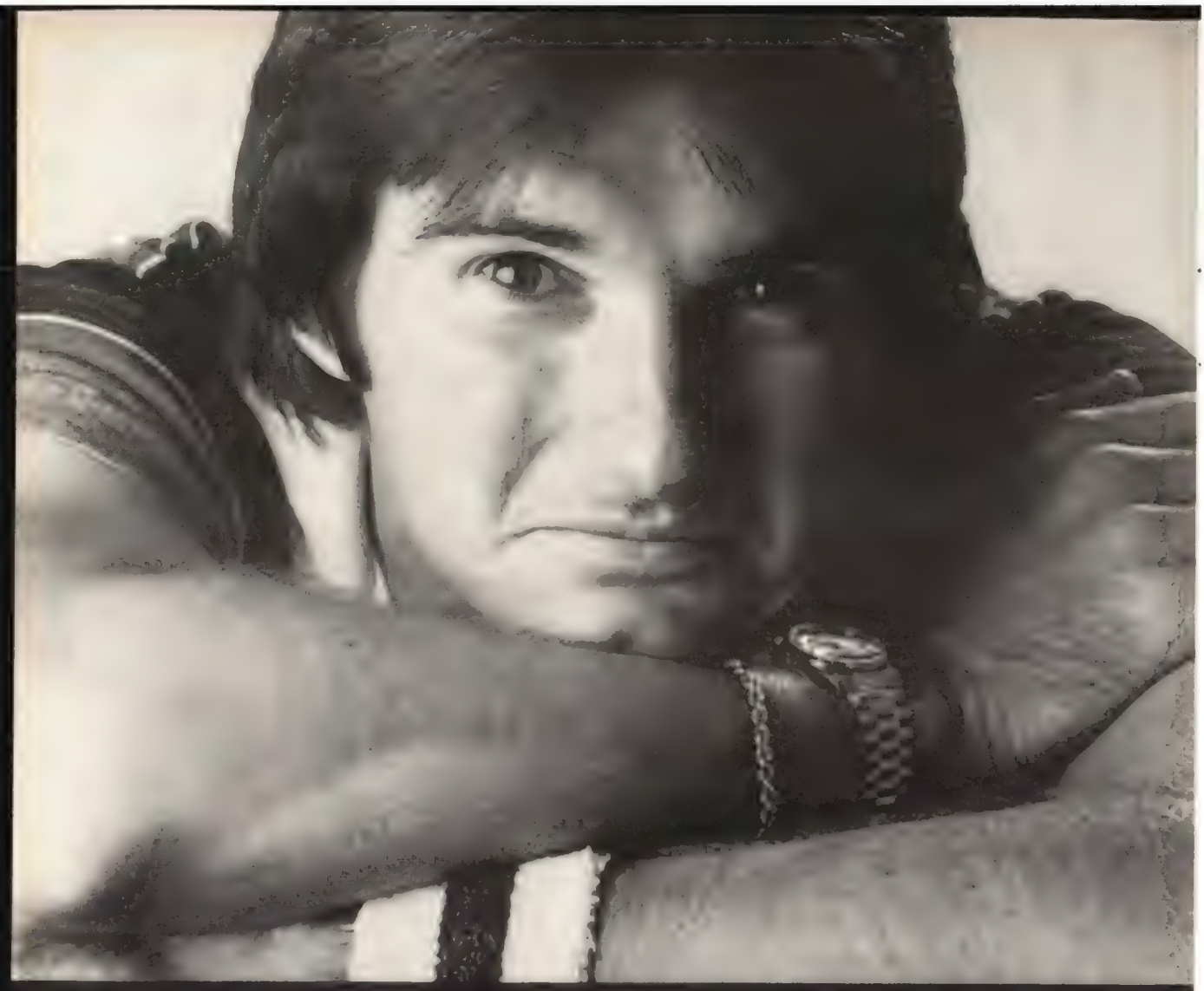

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A Soft Sell

Boldly assaulting the bar

"A bar of soap is almost the ideal consumer product," says Rod Hickman, 37, vice president of marketing for Jovan, the perfume and cosmetics manufacturer. "It fits into the hand, you can pick it up easily, and it's inexpensive. In fact, it's hard to beat."

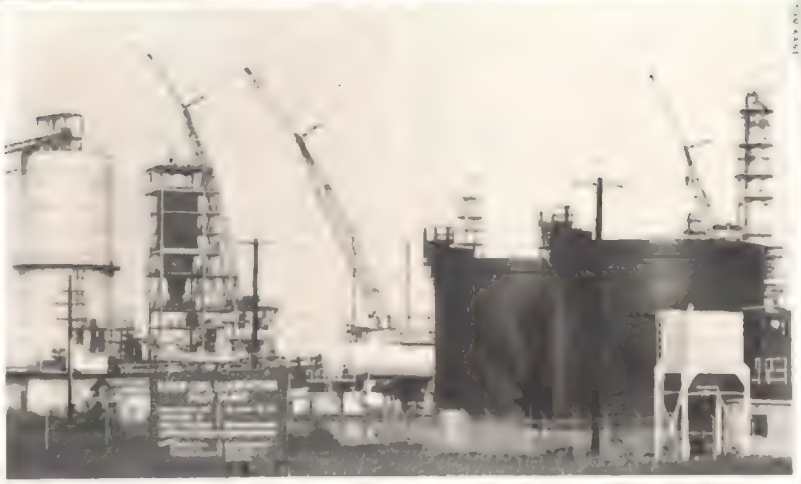
Maybe so, but Jovan and some 30 other companies have something they hope will beat Dial, Zest, Dove and other bar soaps at the sinks of American homes. It is liquid soap, a softer, creamier and better-smelling version of the soap that has been used for decades in public restrooms. Sales of liquid hand soap, in pump-dispenser plastic bottles, have grown from practically nothing two years ago to an estimated $100 million this year, and the new products have now captured about 10% of the total bar soap market.

Leading the assault on the bar is Softsoap, which is made by Minnetonka, Inc., a Minnesota toiletries manufacturer. Softsoap sells for about $1.50 for a 10½-oz. bottle that is the equivalent of five bars of soap. Minnetonka currently has about half of the liquid soap market, with Jergens and Yardley its main competitors. The Minnesota company has invested $6 million to advertise its hand cleaner as "soap without the soapy mess." Says Vice President and General Manager Wallace Marx, formerly director of new products at Pillsbury: "People are tired of messy soap bars that just melt away, crack and break."

Giants Procter & Gamble and Armour-Dial at first ignored the competition from liquid soaps, but now they are rushing to put out their own brands. Procter & Gamble is test-marketing Rejoice in Austin and Houston, while Armour-Dial is trying out Liqua 4 in Orlando, Fla. The word bubbling within the soap industry is that Procter & Gamble will promote Rejoice with a hefty advertising budget of $30 million, one of its biggest new-product launchings ever, if the Austin-Houston test-marketing is successful.

Bottled soaps

Few soap companies, though, believe that liquid soap will completely replace the bar. The reason: liquid soap is inconvenient to use in a shower or bath. Said a top soap executive: "We don't think it will go much further. Its use is too limited." Armour-Dial, though, is advertising its bar-shaped squeeze bottle of liquid soap as equally suitable for both shower and sink. ■



Engineers at this Exxon plant in Baytown, Texas, are working to turn coal into a liquid fuel

Some Setbacks for Synfuels

Cloudy days for plans to develop alternative energy supplies

Only a year ago, the Carter Administration and Congress were putting the final touches to an ambitious $88 billion program for the development of synthetic fuels. Carter's grand design would have produced the equivalent of 2 million bbl. of oil per day, an amount equal to almost 40% of current petroleum imports, from abundant American supplies of shale and coal. But now there are major doubts about the whole future of synthetic fuels. Some Reagan Administration officials argue that private industry does not need Government help to develop new energy sources, and lower oil prices are weakening the incentive to produce the expensive petroleum alternatives.

Within the Reagan Administration, Budget Director David Stockman and Energy Secretary James B. Edwards are locked in a megabuck battle over the synfuel program. Stockman argues that synfuels will not make a significant contribution to American energy supplies for decades to come, and that private industry, rather than the Government, should pay for the development of projects to turn shale and coal into synthetic oil and natural gas. Edwards, on the other hand, maintains that synfuels will never become viable without Government support because private companies will not spend the billions of dollars needed for the risky programs. The Energy Secretary also insists that synfuels are needed to decrease American dependence on Middle East energy supplies and "to send a strong message to the Saudis."

In July, Edwards was on the verge of awarding $3.5 billion in loan and price guarantees for three synfuel projects when Stockman tried to cut off the money. After bitter private discussions, the two men had to take the issue to the President for a decision. Reagan surprised some of his closest staffers by agreeing to go ahead with $3.1 billion in loan guarantees for the Great Plains coal gasification project in Beulah, N. Dak., and the Colony shale oil venture near Parachute, Colo. Washington also authorized spending up to $400 million to guarantee the price of oil produced from shale by the Union Oil Co. near Parachute Creek, Colo.

During last year's presidential campaign, Reagan said that he would scrap the Synthetic Fuels Corporation that the Carter Administration had designed to administer the multibillion-dollar program. Once in office, Reagan fired John Sawhill, Carter's nominee to head the corporation, but he decided to keep the agency alive. In Sawhill's place, Reagan appointed Edward Noble, an Oklahoma oilman who is skeptical about synfuels. Says Noble: "I have come to run a very hard-nosed, responsible operation that will require a lot from the private sector. I am not going to shoot the mule that has drawn the wagon, but I'm not going to spread a lot of hay in every direction."

Meanwhile, Congress is going slow on approving the board of directors for the Synthetic Fuels Corporation. Noble is the only one of the seven board members who has received congressional clearance, and the group cannot take any new action until at least four members have been confirmed. Senate Energy Chairman James McClure of Idaho, a strong advocate of synfuels subsidies, has deliberately stalled hearings on other nominees in order to lobby for the appointment of directors who are sympathetic to synfuels.

While the Government puzzles over synfuels policy, many projects are falling by the wayside. For instance, a proposed coal liquefaction plant in Morgantown, W. Va., that was to have been built by the

U.S., West German and Japanese governments was dropped after estimated development costs rose in less than a year from $750 million to $1.5 billion.

Even so, some large oil companies, including Exxon, Chevron and Sohio, are investing heavily in synfuels. Says Clifton C. Garvin, chairman of Exxon, which has committed $1 billion to such projects worldwide: "By the turn of the century, we think this country will get about 4 million or 5 million barrels a day of liquids from shale oil and coal. It's prudent to develop a reasonable-sized synthetic industry, in part because of national security, and in part because of economics."

Oil executives say that synfuel development will now be easier because the red tape attached to Government subsidies under the Carter Administration has largely been removed. Explains J.F. Trautschold Jr., general manager of Mobil's synfuels division: "If we had solicited money from the Government, we would have had to hire probably ten more auditors just to meet the Energy Department's demand for information."

Nevertheless, synfuel projects often cost $1 billion or more, and some developers are deciding that they are too expensive. Conoco's proposed coal gasification project in Noble County, Ohio, has been stopped because the Reagan Administration refused to subsidize it.

Energy companies are also looking particularly closely at the high costs of all synfuel projects because of the declining price of oil. A shale oil or coal liquefaction proposal that might have been economically viable a year ago, when oil seemed to be heading toward $50 per bbl., might not make sense now, when the price is dropping toward $30 per bbl.

Moreover, oil industry skeptics point out that the proponents of synthetic fuels have been arguing since the days when oil was only $2 per bbl. that synfuels would be profitable if the price of petroleum went up another dollar or two. Yet every time the price of oil goes up, the estimated price for synfuel development also seems to increase. Those doubters predict that the cost of crude will have to go much higher before synthetic fuels are truly competitive with petroleum. Thus many of the ambitious plans for turning coal into oil and gas may stay on the drawing boards for years. *—By Edward E. Scharff. Reported by Robert T. Grieves/New York and Gary Lee/Washington*

Dividends

Nissan Is Driven

Japan's Nissan Motor Co., Ltd. last year sold 1.5 million cars and trucks in 130 countries under the name Datsun. Now, in a move that has stunned its dealers around the world, the company has decided to phase out the Datsun nameplate by the end of 1983 as part of the company's 50th anniversary celebration. After that, Datsun cars will be called Nissan, just as they now are in Japan.

Datsun Dealer Lou Porreco of Erie, Pa., feels betrayed by the change. Says he: "The Datsun name already has a lot of recognition and respect. I don't know if we can ever develop the same confidence in the new name." A Detroit auto executive agrees, saying, "Any time you pull the rug out from under a brand name, you kiss off years of marketing."

Nissan explains that it is changing its name because of a corporate identity problem. The company has been borrowing on world money markets to finance its expansion, but President Takashi Ishihara discovered three months ago in London that many potential lenders were not aware that his firm made Datsuns.

Company officials also note that the Datsun name is meaningless. Dat, the word for rabbit in Japanese, comes from the initials of the company's three chief financial backers. It was originally lengthened to Datson or "son of rabbit." But the word son had an unlucky connotation in Japanese, which was seemingly proved correct when a typhoon hit a Datson plant in 1933. Therefore, the company changed the marketing name to Datsun. Executives at Nissan are convinced that despite the worries of their dealers, a Datsun by any other name will sell as swiftly as ever.

Big Mac Attack

When McDonald's golden arches appeared in Paris nine years ago, the fast-food chain seemed to acquire a new international cachet. What better testimony to its cuisine than crowds of finicky Frenchmen munching Big Macs along the Champs Elysées?

But McDonald's claims that its Paris licensee, Raymond Dayan, has spoiled the company's image by serving food in grimy surroundings. Says a McDonald's spokesman: "Dayan's restaurants were so filthy that your clothes would be covered with grease if you stayed in there too long." The firm wants to take away Dayan's right to use McDonald's name for his 14 restaurants.

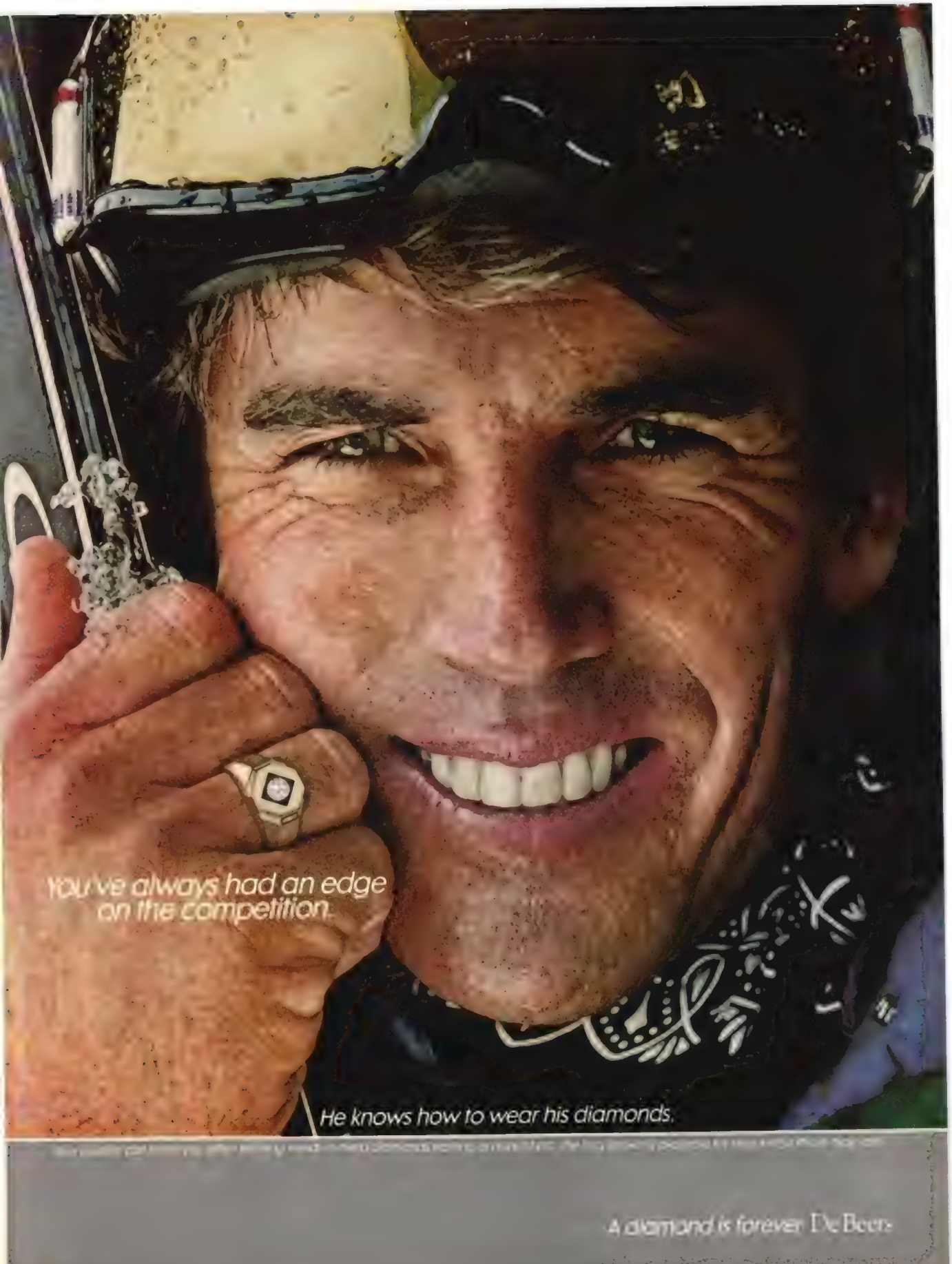
Dayan, in turn, has filed two suits in Chicago, seeking to protect his franchise and collect $500 million in damages. He says that he was given the French franchise on unusually favorable terms, and that the corporation now wants to get it back. Dayan admits that he had trouble matching the firm's American standards at first, but insists that both food and cleanliness in his restaurants are now comparable to those in the U.S. Thousands of Parisians who have given up long lunches for *le snack* at McDonald's seem to agree.

The Eagle Has Landed

American companies seeking drilling territory in the energy-rich "Overthrust Belt" of the U.S. Rocky Mountains compete fiercely for oil- and gas-exploration leases on parcels of land no larger than 8,000 acres. The Denver-based Eagle Exploration Co. has bigger ambitions than that. It has won the drilling rights for the entire territory of Liechtenstein, the tiny principality that nestles in the Alps between Switzerland and Austria.

Raymond N. Joeckel, 55, Eagle's president, believes that since the terrain in mountainous Liechtenstein greatly resembles the sandy, uplifted formations of the Western Overthrust Belt in the Rockies, there may be oil and gas in those hills as well. Eagle had to put up a bond of $3 million against possible damages caused by its drilling and promise to pay 15% of the earnings of any successful wells to the Liechtenstein government. But for that, Eagle received exclusive rights to explore the nation's 39,500 acres.

Eagle, a small Denver firm whose stock has been publicly traded for just one year, has no track record for finding oil. It has obtained oil and gas leases for 750,000 acres in the Rockies, as well as for 46,000 acres in California's Imperial Valley. This month it will start drilling in North Dakota. But so far Eagle oilmen have never even sunk an oil or gas well.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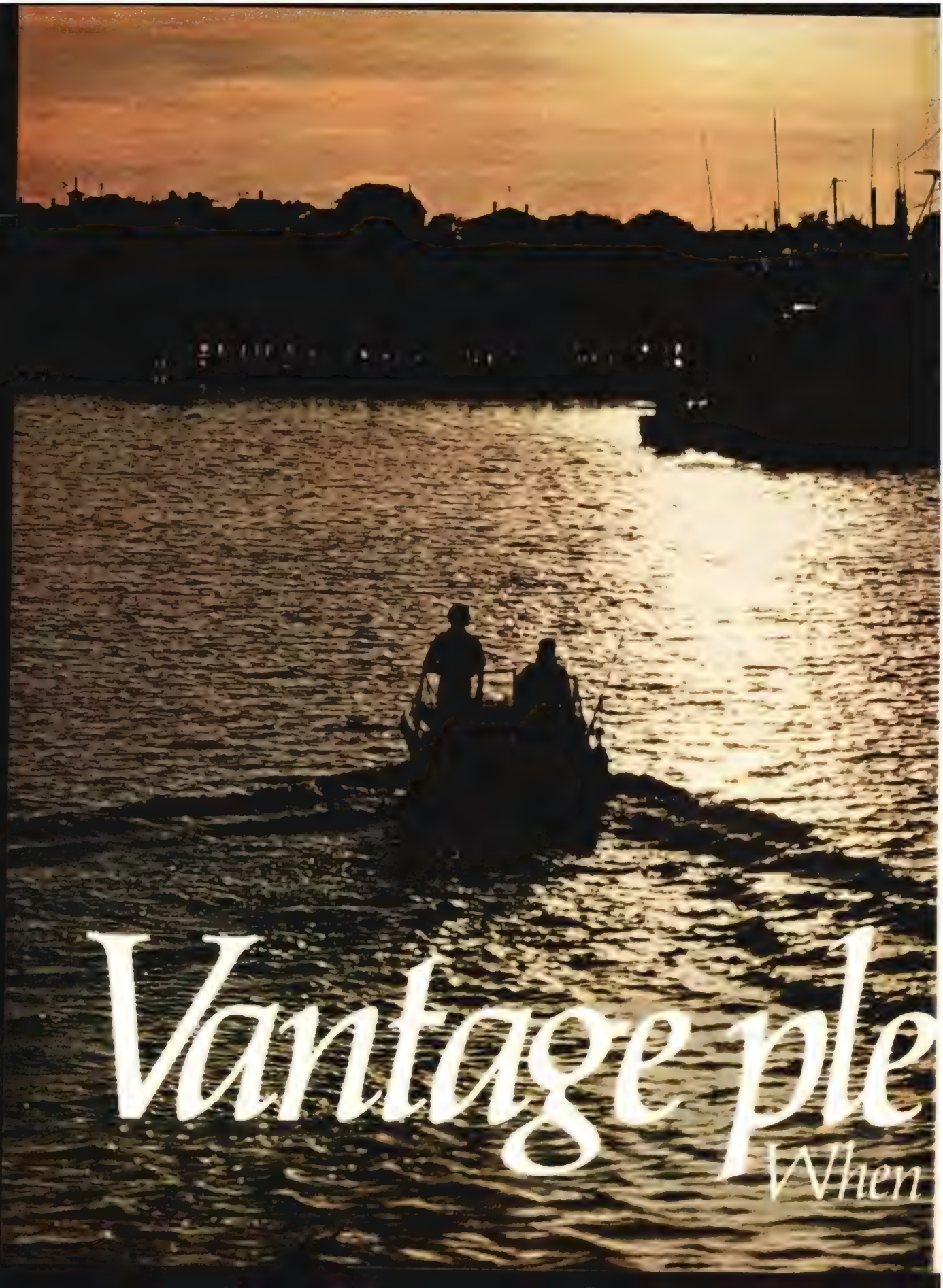
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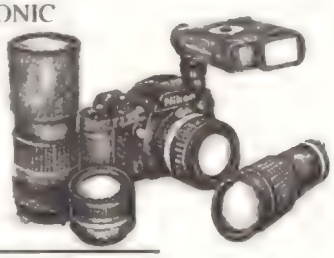

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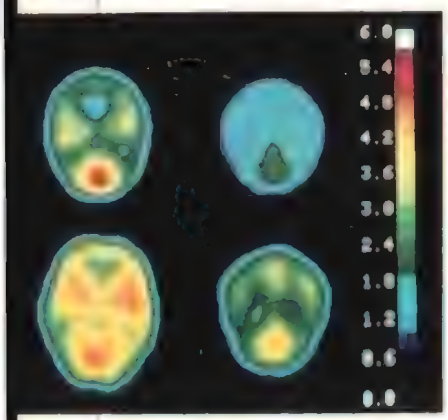
A Brainy Marvel Called PET

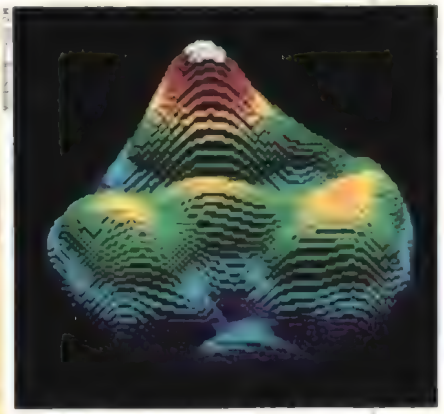
New scanner, a cousin of the CAT, unlocks metabolic secrets

The latest pictures of the human brain come in electric blues and glowing yellows. They are produced by the PET scanner, one of a series of machines that are helping make diagnosis less of an art and more of a science. The PET scanner looks rather like a sophisticated airplane engine, with a hollow core. It is a cousin of the CAT scanner that nearly a decade ago wedded the technique of X rays with computer technology to give cross-sectional views of internal body structures, not just bones but soft tissues as well. But scanning by CAT (for computerized axial tomography) is limited to anatomy. It lets doctors see an organ's shape and form, but cannot tell how it is functioning. PET (for positron emission tomography) allows the physician to examine the brain and body in ways never before possible, providing metabolic portraits, and revealing the rate at which sick and healthy tissues consume biochemicals



PET scans show reduced metabolism rate (blue and green on color scale) in brains of patients with senile dementia, top, compared with metabolism of normal individuals

Scanner in operation bristles with gamma-ray detectors



Scan of schizophrenic's brain shows low biochemical activity (blue) in frontal area. Metabolic hot spot (white) in brain's visual center indicates patient's eyes were open

In PET studies, an individual either inhales or is injected with a biochemical, for example glucose, which is the brain's main source of energy, tagged with a telltale radioactive substance that emits positively charged particles. These positrons, when they combine with negatively charged electrons normally found in the body's cells, emit gamma rays that can be detected by a scanning device. Collected and translated into color-coded images, the resulting patterns indicate the intensity of metabolic activity. Because the radioactive substances are so short-lived, anyone undergoing a PET scan is exposed to very little radiation

PET scans promise to revolutionize certain kinds of diagnosis. Researchers are already using the technique to study blood flow and metabolism in the heart and blood vessels, in hopes of better understanding the mechanisms of heart attacks and strokes and choosing therapy. There is a potential application in cancer as well. Since many malignant tumors consume glucose at much higher rates than surrounding tissue, the efficacy of drug therapy may be measured by the drugs' ability to alter glucose consumption as shown through PET scans.

Still, the most dramatic impact of PET scanning so far has been in studies of the brain. The technique is painlessly providing detailed information about how a normal brain reacts biochemically to such stimuli as the eyes seeing light, the ears hearing a story and even the movement of an arm or a leg. For example, when a subject moves his right hand, the PET scan indicates increased glucose use by the region of the left side of the brain controlling the action. Physicians have begun to use PET scanning in determining therapy for people who have had strokes or epileptic seizures. Measuring metabolic activity in the brains of stroke victims or those with occluded arteries can aid doctors in deciding whether surgery would be beneficial. Scans can also help locate areas of the brain suspected of inducing epileptic seizures

Some researchers are using PET scans to explore the brains of people suffering from schizophrenia, manic-depressive illness and senile dementia. Their hope is that by scanning hundreds, even thousands, of patients with such conditions, distinctive patterns of biochemical activity will emerge, making diagnosis easier and more precise. Says Chemist Alfred Wolf of Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island: "A diagnosis with cognitive tests, for example memory quizzes, takes days. The whole PET procedure takes under 90 minutes."

Preliminary evidence from PET scans suggests that in schizophrenics the frontal part of the brain consumes glucose at a very low rate. In manic-depressives, glucose seems to burn at a very high rate during the manic phase. (No pattern has been found for the depressive phase.) People with senile dementia show decreased glucose metabolism: the more advanced the case, the lower the activity. Researchers also plan to use PET for biochemical brain portraits of patients with multiple sclerosis, Huntington's chorea and possibly alcoholism

Presently PET scanning requires highly skilled specialists, including chemists, physicists, mathematicians, computer scientists and physicians. The initial costs are also very high. A cyclotron to make radioactive compounds, PET equipment, and a facility to house the operation can run into millions of dollars. Even so, PET scanners are being set up all over the world. Six years ago, there were only four medical centers in the U.S. where teams of scientists were actively engaged in developing PET. Today there are about ten, including Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, Washington University in St. Louis, the University of California in Los Angeles and Donner Laboratory at Berkeley. There should be at least 15 different centers involved in PET scanning by 1983. By then Europe will have more than a dozen centers with PET equipment and Japan possibly ten. Says Wolf: "The field is just beginning to take off."

—By Anastasia Toufexis

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Sobhuza II, in full Swaziland regalia

Bob ("Have You Seen My Compact") Hope, flanked by Jenner and Olsen for his upcoming NBC special

People

Known variously as "the Lion," "the Great Crocodile," "the Bull," "Son of the She Elephant," "the Great Mountain" and "the Inexplicable," **King Sobhuza II,** 82, became the leader of Swaziland the year **Warren G. Harding** moved into the White House. Last week, on the 60th anniversary of the old Lion's rule—the longest of any living monarch—he was feted by countrymen and visiting dignitaries. Heralded as much for his libido as his longevity, Sobhuza is said to have more than 100 wives and is well on his way to earning another moniker: "Father of His Country." The old Lion has reportedly sired no fewer than 500 children

■

Maybe it was his role in the 1947 film *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty* that first set his mind to wondering. **Danny Kaye** was always an armchair maestro, but when he was invited to guest-conduct for the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1954, the idle dream and the classical passion harmonized nicely. Kaye, 68, has since trotted out his tux for guest appearances with symphony orchestras from San Francisco to Stockholm. For PBS's Sept 23 *Live from Lincoln Center* performance of the New York Philharmonic, the baton will be passed by Musical Director **Zubin Mehta,** 45. Kaye does not read music, but, says he: "I know the scores by heart. I know the nuances I want. I just relay my instructions to the orchestra with expressions instead of my hands."

■

Surrounded by youthful cast members from the film *Annie*, including Newcomer **Aileen Quinn,** 10, Veteran Director **John Huston,** 75, seemed as pleased as Daddy Warbucks during a Dow Jones upswing. The screen version of the Broadway hit was his first attempt at anything musical since guiding his father, Actor **Walter Huston,** through a jig in the 1948 classic *Treasure of Sierra Madre*. "And that," John admits, "was his own choreography." The *Annie* youngsters were just as professional. Says Huston: "If you understand kids, they never disappoint you."

Huston acting like one of the kids, with Quinn, left, on *Annie* set

Kaye being welcomed by Mehta

■

In red evening outfits that could turn First Lady **Nancy Reagan** into a blue-jeans and turtleneck kind of girl, **Bob Hope,** 78, **Bruce Jenner,** 31, and former Football Great **Merlin Olsen,** 40, dragged out a parody version of **Johnny Paycheck's** *Take This Job and Shove It*. The trio were done up as the Mandrake Sisters (read **Mandrell Sisters**) for *Bob Hope's All-Star Comedy Look at the New Season—It's Still Free and Well Worth It*, to be aired on NBC later this month. Though the three woeful crooners belted out the number in a style that will surely have audiences panting for less, Hope was quite taken with Olsen's falsetto solo. "I was afraid to sing so high," says the comedian. "But he's big enough to get away with it."

■

His mordant wit and wry delivery, combined with the sober style of **Chet Huntley,** worked a kind of magic from 1956 to 1970, when NBC's *Huntley-Brinkley Report* was America's dominant evening news broadcast. Last week **David Brinkley,** 61, surprised the world with news of his own, announcing that he was retiring from the broadcast organization that had been his home for 38 years. No reason was given for the abrupt departure, but he had been less than pleased with the lack of network support for his prime-time news program *NBC Magazine with David Brinkley*, which had been shoehorned into a lethal Friday-evening time slot opposite CBS's *Dallas*. Besides, he wants to complete a book on Washington. Good night, David

By E. Graydon Carter

Not Cinderella, Just the Best

At the Open, Chris Evert Lloyd is stalking more than a title

There are so many of them now, an army of little girls with braces and pigtails pounding two-handed backhands, that one tends to forget: until 1971, just ten years ago, there were none. When the U.S. Open Tennis Championships began at Forest Hills that year, there was merely a name in small print on the list of competitors: Chris Evert, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. She was 16, a champion junior player, the kind of promising youngster who is invited to play the tournament to gain a bit of big-time experience while being

Evert Lloyd after latest Wimbledon win

soundly thrashed in the opening round.

It didn't happen quite that way. Chris Evert demolished Edda Buding, 6-1, 6-0, then beat the fourth-ranked American woman, Mary Ann Eisel, in the second round, saving six match points with finely honed strokes that would soon become famous: cross-court forehands and sweeping, two-fisted backhands down the line. Suddenly she was "Little Chrissie, Cinderella in Sneakers," enthroned on center court. She whipped the fifth seed, Françoise Durr, and Australian Lesley Hunt. She reached the semifinals, the youngest player ever to climb to the final four, before finally losing to Billie Jean King, the eventual champion. A most extraordinary athletic career had begun.

A decade later, Chris Evert Lloyd is, for the fifth time, defending U.S. Open champion. At Flushing Meadow, she will have a lot of competition for the spotlight, not just from all those teen-age terrors but from the likes of defending Men's Champion John McEnroe and Bjorn Borg, who, incredibly, has yet to win the American crown after nine tries. She has long since yielded her claims to the title of "the youngest . . ." to the girls in pigtails: Tracy Austin won the finals of the U.S. Open at 16; Kathy Rinaldi played at Wimbledon at 14; Andrea Jaeger was the youngest Wightman Cup player at 15 But the ultimate superlative is well within her reach. At 26, Evert Lloyd is just a handful of major championships away from being proclaimed the greatest woman player ever.

In addition to her U.S. titles, she has won the French Open four times and Wimbledon three. Her total of twelve singles championships in these three tournaments is exceeded only by Margaret Court (with 15) and Helen Wills Moody (19). In these most prestigious tournaments, she has never failed to reach the semifinals, winning 145 matches and losing just 14. She has held the world's No 1 ranking in six of the nine years she has played as a professional. Says Martina Navratilova, one of the few foes to challenge Evert Lloyd successfully over the years: "Billie Jean King built the car, and then Chris drove it faster than it's ever been driven. She got the vehicle and propelled it to the masses."

The road was not always a smooth one The oldest daughter of a teaching pro, she was six when her father first took her to the court and started throwing tennis balls at her. "In the beginning, quite honestly, I played for my father," she says "There was another factor too. I was very, very shy as a younger girl, just petrified of people. Tennis helped to give me an identity, made me feel like somebody." The woman who now jets from one world capital to the next recalls another attraction of the sport, her first trip out of state for a tournament: "We went all the way to Chattanooga. We stayed at a Holiday Inn, and we'd go out to eat at night. That was such a luxury, such a treat for our family. Maybe I didn't like hitting tennis balls, but I liked what it gave me."

John McEnroe and Bjorn Borg

Resuming their duel for supremacy.

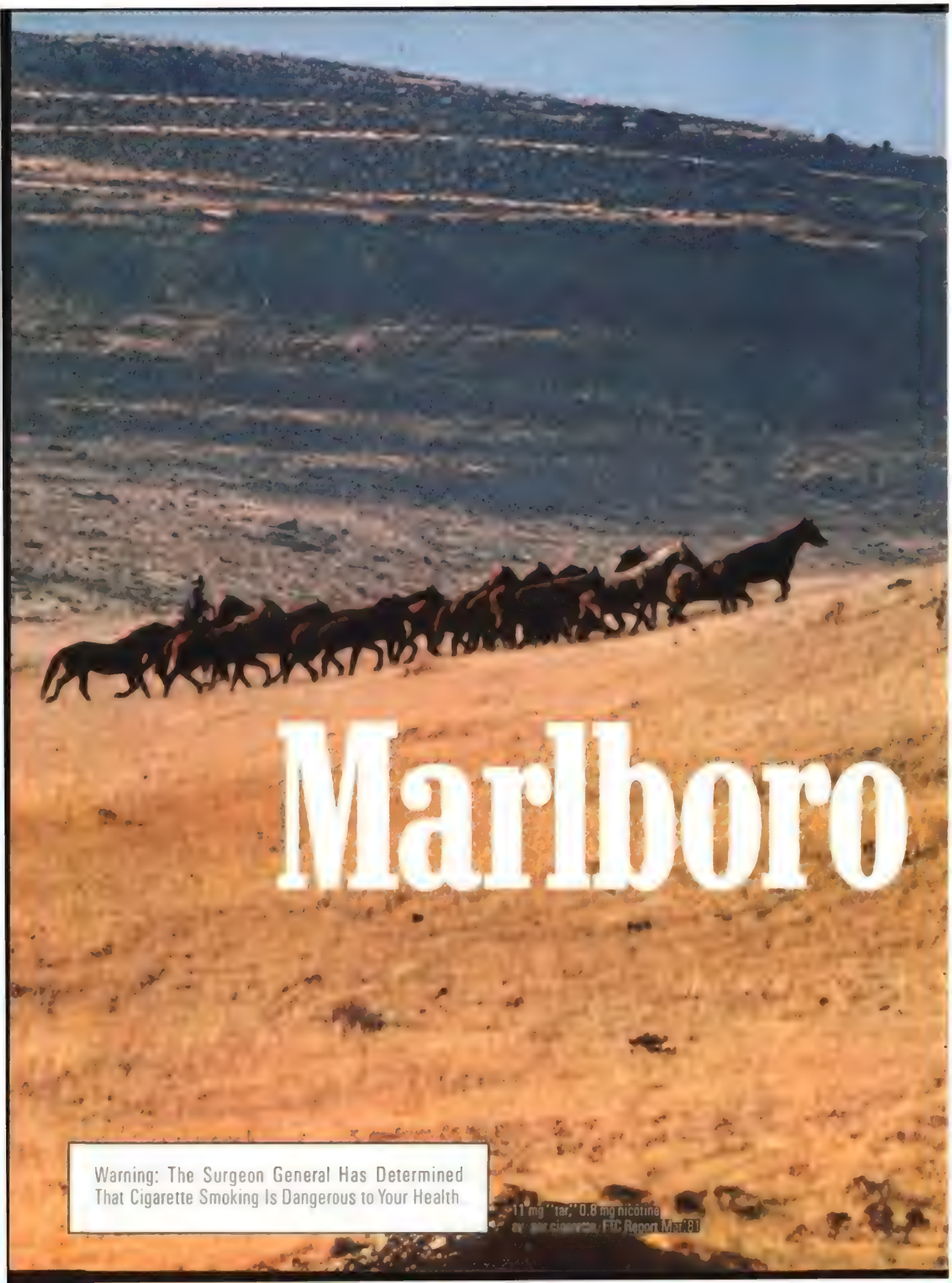
Though her father Jimmy and mother Colette were protective about her personal and social life, no one could insulate her from her own achievements. She played that first Forest Hills oblivious to the banner headlines she was creating; after every match, she went home to an aunt's house for dinner, TV and an early bedtime. But when she returned to St. Thomas Aquinas High School, photographers intruded on the classroom to snap photos of the phenom doing her lessons. For the first time she became conscious of her celebrity status. Says she: "That was the difficult part, walking through

Fierce concentration during the U.S. Open

school and hearing, 'There's Chris Evert.' Chris Evert was somewhere else, somebody else. Chris Evert wasn't inside me. And then there were the people staring I've never felt comfortable with that."

In ensuing years, her personal life received almost as much attention as her performance on the court. She was engaged to Jimmy Connors, then not engaged to Jimmy Connors. She dated Jack Ford, son of the President, and Burt Reynolds, actor and *Cosmopolitan* centerfold The gentlemen maintained a gentlemanly silence; the gossips and tabloids did not.

She was at that time dominating the sport as no one else had, running off a string of 56 match wins that shattered the confidence of opponents. Never as athletically gifted as some of her rivals, she beat them with unflinching concentration. Says Virginia Wade: "Chris' mind is the most superior mind in tennis. That is why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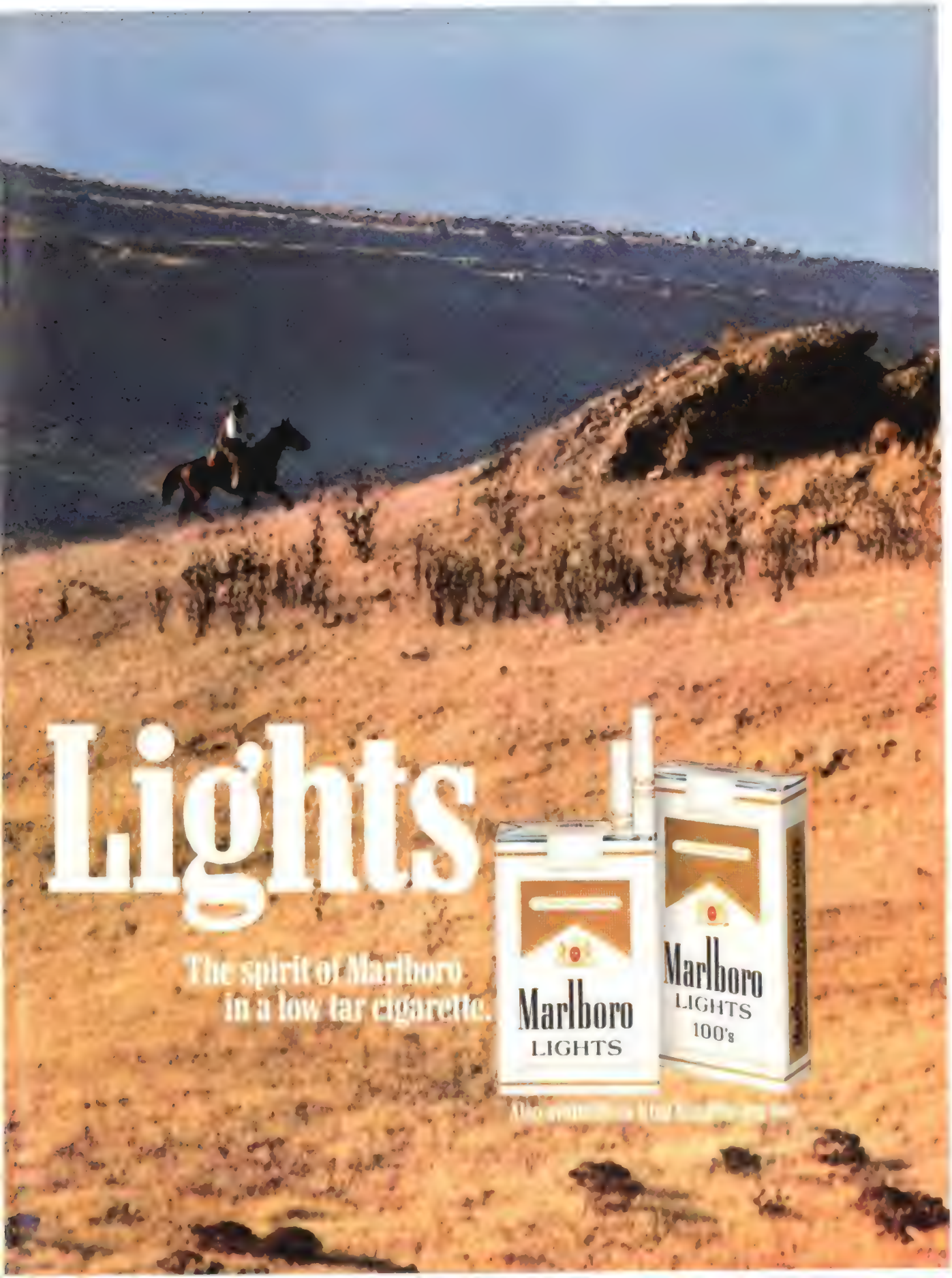
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Sport

she has been the greatest champion."

Her steely reserve, unblinking will and emotionless court demeanor—together with a seemingly automatic baseline game—left the fans unmoved, then hostile. No matter that she is one of the wits on the women's circuit, capable of regaling friends with off-color stories, even carrying a joke book on-court with Doubles Partner Navratilova to read between changeovers. To the public, she seemed cool and haughty, and crowds reveled in rooting against her: "At a very young age, that's very hard to take every single week. And this went on for *four years*. I was the ice queen and they wanted to see me melt. They wanted to see me cry, probably, show some emotion. But I carried it inside myself."

Finally she could carry it no longer, "crying every day, two or three times a day for two weeks. I thought I was losing control." Mentally drained, she quit for three months during the winter of 1977-78. "It gets old, tennis 52 weeks a year, the strain of staying No. 1. People are always at your heels, younger kids trying to beat you."

Then she met John Lloyd, a rising British player, whom she married in 1979. Today they are stay-at-homes who avoid, according to Lloyd, "any place where there are cameras and people who like cameras." Their schedule rotates: two weeks on the men's tour while he plays, two weeks on the women's tour while she plays, two weeks at home in Florida, London or Palm Springs, where they keep apartments. Says she: "He plays the supportive role sometimes; I play it other times. At first it was difficult for my tennis because I was so happy, so mellow and content that I couldn't balance that contentment off the court with the killer instinct on the court. Now I know how to do it and my tennis has never been better."

Another three-month hiatus in 1980 produced a refreshed and refocused champion: "I just realized that I could change my priorities and not worry about winning, not worry about how Tracy Austin or Martina was playing. I could simply try to master my own game and try to reach my peak. Not once did I say to myself, 'I've got to come back.' At 21 I needed it. But I'm not obsessed with it now as I was then, when it was the only constant in my life."

After winning last year's U.S. Open and this year's Wimbledon, she has regained her top ranking from Tracy Austin. Some day one of her three-month breaks will stretch into a genuine retirement, and tennis will lose a great and gracious champion. But right now Chris Evert Lloyd is at the top of her game—and not ready to yield. "I've been in the public eye since I was 16, and that's hard. But when you struggle with something and come through, it means more. It means more now when I win. I'm just not finished yet." —*By B.J. Phillips*

Health Supervisor Start: the last word

Condemned Inmate Hays: the world's first

Law

A New Executioner: The Needle

Death by injection is about to be tried at two state prisons

In a private museum in McAlester, Okla. (pop. 18,802) sits a large wooden chair, dusty and unvarnished. Between 1915 and 1980 the chair was a fixture at the state penitentiary a half-mile away, and the 82 convicts who sat in it during those years never got up; they were electrocuted. But in Oklahoma, Texas, Idaho and New Mexico, electric chairs—along with gallows and gas chambers—will soon give way to a far less forbidding piece of lethal equipment: the hypodermic needle. Next week at the prison in McAlester, a hard-drinking drifter and murderer named Thomas Lee ("Sonny") Hays, 45, is scheduled to become the first man in the world to be executed by injection.

The trend arises mainly from a search for a more humane form of capital punishment. Three drugs will flow into Hays to render him unconscious and paralyze his heart: thiopental sodium, pancuronium bromide and potassium chloride. Theoretically, they should make dying no more traumatic than falling asleep.

But the procedure has its dangers. For example, the prisoner might not cooperate. Last December, in a petition urging the Food and Drug Administration to ban the use of drugs for such purposes, Washington, D.C., Lawyers David Kendall and Stephen Kristovich raised a second argument: the drugs have never been tested to verify their safety and effectiveness in an execution. Said the attorneys: "They may actually result in agonizingly slow and painful deaths that are far more barbaric than those caused by the more traditional means." The FDA refused to intervene, maintaining that it should not meddle in state affairs.

Oklahoma had to clear another hurdle: the Hippocratic oath prohibits giving "deadly medicine." Last year the American Medical Association declared that a physician should not participate in executions. Dr. Armond Start, who supervises health care for Oklahoma's 5,000 inmates and was originally designated to insert the needle, took the same stance. That set off an acrimonious debate, highlighted by suggestions that Start resign. Finally the state concluded that the injections could be administered by non-doctors.

Barring any last-minute delays, Hays will be placed on a stretcher on Sept. 14 with his arms, legs and chest strapped. A needle will be inserted into a vein and a harmless salt solution will begin to pass through a tube and into Hays' body. Next, Hays will be carried to an execution room where some 30 people, including the press and up to seven people named by Hays, will witness his final moments. At 12:30 a.m. the executioner—an unidentified volunteer behind a screen—will open a valve that gradually replaces the salt solution with the drugs, increasing the dose until Hays dies. It should take about a minute or two. After another five to eight minutes have passed, making resuscitation futile, Start will pronounce death.

Actually, Hays may earn his place in the record books by a mere 24 hours. Though a court-ordered delay is predicted, Texas authorities in Huntsville are scheduled to give a lethal injection the following day to convicted Killer Charles Milton, 30. Depending on reports from observers at both events, the needle may soon come under consideration as a means of execution for many of the 850 men and women now on the nation's death rows. ■

From the Sublime to Graffiti

The camera charts changing views of a changing U.S. landscape

"American Landscapes," an exhibition of photographs at the Musemum of Modern Art in New York City, was mounted as a summer show, meaning a small one; and its contents—55 images of American nature, ranging in time from the 1860s to the 1970s, and in place from the redwood forests of California to the roadside strip of Rochester, N.Y.—are all drawn from the museum's own collection and put together by its curator, John Szarkowski. But its subject is a crucially important one in American visual culture. When the photograph was young, in the 1840s and '50s, most cultivated Americans were apt to imagine the interior of their continent as a vast wilderness, formless, raw and antipathetic to man. By the 1860s and '70s, this had changed. Thanks to the ideas of men like Thoreau and Emerson, combined with the pervasive religious ideology of the American middle class, untamed landscape was now seen as beautiful and instructive in itself: the sublime fingerprint of God. This gave a moral excitement to natural curiosity; and both were reflected not only in painting (as in the work of Martin Johnson Heade or Frederic Church) but also in photography.

In the years after the Civil War, photographers went with the surveying parties and railroad gangs as they painfully worked their way across the continent. Lugging their clumsy box cameras and big fragile glass plates up mountains and down canyons, they brought back what painters could not give, or not so persuasively: the "facts," the scientific truth that intersected with the myth of God's design. It was photography, even more than painting, that shaped America's sense of its own size, topographical splendor and geological antiquity in the 19th century.

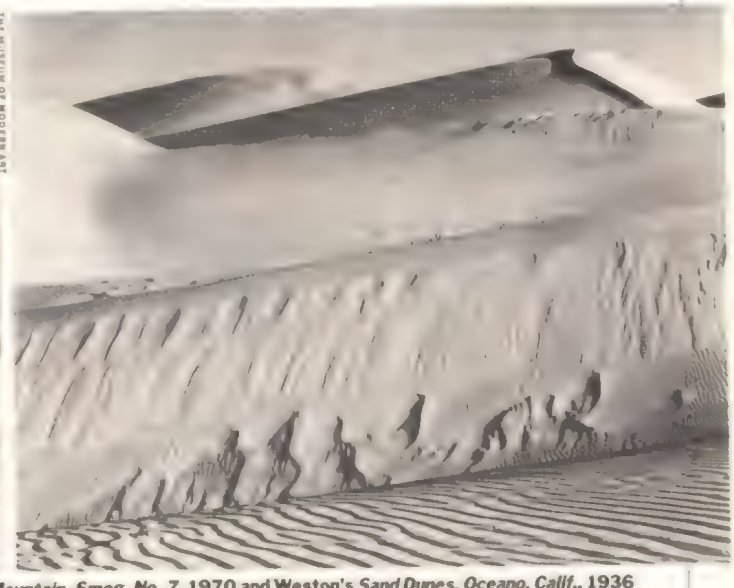
Perhaps even the imperfections of the medium helped. The slow emulsion and long exposures erased the trace of most moving or living things, just as the great depth of field favored a sense of vastness. Thus in the work of photographers like Timothy O'Sullivan (1840-82), we seem to be contemplating a landscape stripped to its last formal properties, strict and still and immeasurably old. Among these early landscape photographers—and some who came later in California, like Eadweard Muybridge and Carleton Watkins—there is no suggestion that landscape could be a metaphor of human emotion.

The idea that landscape photography should be *intentionally* expressive did not really surface until the frontier was gone, by the turn of the century. Its bearers were among the pioneers of photographic modernism—Edward Steichen, Clarence White and Alvin Langdon Coburn, with their "symbolist," tremulous images of tree and field. In these artful and decorous prints, as Szarkowski remarks, "Nature has become . . . a part of the known habit and syntax of art, like fruit or flowers arranged on the sideboard." After them, the problem was to recomplicate the game of seeing: to show how the camera could deal with what was neither familiar in landscape nor quite amenable to the given pictorial conventions. Edward Weston did this with closeups on natural detail—the ribbed flank of a sand dune, the tiny mesas of worn rock surface at Point Lobos. Ansel Adams, the most popular of all American photographers, succeeded in turning the remote stasis of 19th century topographical photos into a Wagnerian drama of events.

One cannot live under a waterfall, though, and Adams' extreme romanticism has prevented him from having many imitators today. The eye behind the lens has become more ironic, farther from Eden, more likely (as Szarkowski puts it) to see "the funny campers with their space-age hiking shoes and backpacks."

There is no lack of photographers to approach landscape with intense feeling, but the feelings are not of the same kind. What happened to the old sublimities? Lost with those who believed in them: such, at least, is the message conveyed by Robert Adams' *From Lookout Mountain, Smog, No. 7*, 1970. It has some of the traditional ingredients: the high view, the extending valley. But tourists have changed the landscape forever, imposing on it their own cretinous expressionism: thanks to the aerosol can, their names (JOE, BILL) are writ large on the rocks, reversing the order of priorities that held in such places a century before. The MOMA show is full of such ironies and surprises. Although it cannot possibly do justice to its huge subject, at least it opens some approaches to it.

—*By Robert Hughes*



Traditional material, new approaches: Adams' *From Lookout Mountain, Smog, No. 7*, 1970 and Weston's *Sand Dunes, Oceano, Calif.*, 1936

The eye behind the lens is more ironic, farther from Eden, more likely to see campers with space-age hiking shoes and backpacks

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

The Danger of Being in Second Place

The decline, and even the disappearance, of some once great American newspapers is to those who love the craft of newspapering like the personal loss so many travelers felt when the great transatlantic liners disappeared. Those big liners had their distinct personalities—the French liners with their exuberant meals, the reliable and stately *Queens*. Newspapers had decided characteristics too, in the days when the Philadelphia *Bulletin* jauntily advertised that in Philadelphia NEARLY EVERYBODY READS THE BULLETIN, when the Washington *Star* faithfully reflected the "cliff-dwellers" in the nation's capital. Later, attempting to change with the times, but perhaps too late in doing so, proud papers like these became more like the *QE2* with its disco sounds and mod settings—up to date but still not able to attract the crowds of old.

Not that newspapers are going the way of ocean liners. Trouble among newspapers is more selective. Most papers, particularly in suburbs and in smaller cities, prosper. Often they are monopolies, "the only game in town." The endangered species is the second paper, the one that gives the community an alternative voice. John Morton, a newspaper analyst, reports that at least eleven major papers are in trouble, and predicts that in the years to come there will be no second newspaper anywhere, "with the possible exception of New York and perhaps Chicago."

As the number of big-city papers dwindles, the survivors become less partisan and become all things to all men. Their editorials seek more to reason than to rant. Op-Ed pages give others a voice. Papers that don't want to make waves rent their opinions from elsewhere and are careful to choose columnists across a spectrum of views. Even highly opinionated columnists are diminished in impact when they become simply another carefully chosen hue on a color wheel of opinion. Editorials, particularly on chain-owned newspapers, are apt to be blandly in favor of worthy causes and prudently evasive on issues that rile and divide the city.

It is a tone curiously like that the Government imposed on television when parceling out its scarce and lucrative channels. "Equal time" and the "fairness doctrine" have narrow, legalistic application, but the public has extended these phrases to mean that the entire press should be a neutral, unbiased conduit of information. This notion of the press as a quasi public utility would have enraged the domineering newspaper czars of earlier days. It might also have distressed the constitutional forefathers, who counted on a competitive free press to initiate robust, even unsporting debate.

Some of the second papers now in deepest trouble were slowest to abandon the autocratic attitudes that gave them their character. Morton thinks that troubled second newspapers suffer from decisions they made or failed to make decades ago. Perhaps it is no accident that the papers Hearst owns in Los Angeles, Boston and Seattle are the troubled second papers in those cities. "The Hearst papers have been on a downhill slide for 30 years and are now a third-rate chain," says Allen H. Neuharth. The arrogance of Neuharth's remark comes from his success in building up the profitable Gannett chain of more than 80 newspapers, many of them local monopolies. Most exemplify the new blenderized newspaper, which leaves no mark because it has so little sting. But if newspapers are similar in tone and coverage, who needs to read a second paper to balance the first? Newspaper readership has been declining for years. Young people read fewer newspapers than their parents. The drop in circulation is sharpest on the second newspaper in town.

Big-city afternoon papers are particularly vulnerable because their best readers have fled to the suburbs, where newspaper trucks in afternoon traffic jams have trouble reaching them, and evening television brings more up-to-date news. But another trend is more devastating: when one paper dominates a city, increasingly it is winner take all.

Advertisers, not readers, have placed this unhealthy emphasis on dominance. Morton is convinced that the Washington *Star* and the Chicago *Daily News* need not have folded, and the Philadelphia *Bulletin* and Cleveland *Press* would not be in such difficulty if their share of the city's advertising was as large as their share of the city's circulation.

Leo Bogart, executive vice president of the Newspaper Advertising Bureau, thinks that most major markets can support two competing newspapers if merchants wake up to their self-interest. Instead, most advertising decisions are made not locally but on Madison Avenue or at national headquarters of local department stores and supermarkets. There, decisions are reached, says Bogart, "with single-minded impersonal efficiency. The second paper gets dropped if the advertiser is satisfied that the dominant paper gives him 60% of the target audience." Does the disappearance of the second paper matter to anyone, except in an anguishing way to its owners and staff? "The political and social ramifications are horrible to me," says Bogart.

He sees this as an atrophy of "the number of channels of civic concern." Official wrongdoing or shocking conditions in local schools or hospitals often require persistent and exhaustive reporting. "What are the odds, if you have one paper instead of two, that it will go after the story?" Bogart asks. Of course, local television does investigations, which can be effective when the evidence is largely visual. Too often, however, such stories are mere exchanges of charges and countercharges in interviews by news personalities with too little command of the subject. A newspaper is much better at giving enough facts and arguments to let readers make up their own minds.

Now that the Reagan Administration is throwing the costs and burdens of Government back on states and cities unused to such sums and such authority, there is more need than ever for a vigorous, tough-minded and competitive local press. But will it be there?

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Those Bedeviled Blue Devils

Duke University decides to okay a library for Nixon's papers

The 19th century English historian Sir John Seeley once noted that "history is past politics, and politics present history." For a while last week in Durham, N.C., Richard Nixon's past politics threatened to deprive Duke's historians of a disquieting repository from the past.

In 1937 Nixon, a determined and solitary young man nicknamed Gloomy Gus by his classmates, graduated third in his class from Duke Law School. He was never Duke's most popular alumnus on campus; in 1954, when he was Vice President of the U.S., the faculty voted against awarding him an honorary degree. Since 1974, the year he resigned as President, the school has kept his official portrait in a vault. But this summer Duke President Terry Sanford, a former Democratic Governor of North Carolina, began trying to acquire Nixon's presidential papers.

At a meeting in New York City in late July, Sanford broached the subject to Nixon. Duke would provide the land; friends of the ex-President would raise the money; and the mountain of documents, as mandated by federal law, would be tended by punctilious national archivists. Back in Durham, Sanford quietly lobbied for the proposal among top university administrators. Six days after the New York meeting, Nixon's attorney Stan Mortenson turned up at Duke, conveying a sense of "urgency" and asking whether there was any opposition.

There was, but it had not yet surfaced. Students and faculty were on vacation. On Aug. 18, when Sanford sent a letter explaining the proposal to 65,000 Duke alumni, a terrible uproar arose. Professors, pro and con, outdid themselves with historical allusions. The Nixon Library was likened to a Trojan horse ("I fear Government officials bearing gifts") and an archival "Treasure of the Sierra Madre" ("We will not possess it. It will possess us"). Wits wondered if Duke could call it the Watergate Memorial Library. On Aug. 19 Trustee Emeritus Charles Murphy, a Washington lawyer who helped raise money for the Harry Truman Library, resigned to protest a plan that, he said, would inevitably result in a memorial to Nixon. Declared History Professor Richard Watson: "The question is, to whom are we erecting a monument? The answer is, to a President forced to resign to avoid being impeached. Mr. Nixon would have a continuing relationship with his library."

Author and Literary Critic Edwin H. Cady spoke for the library. The opponents, he suggested, were viewing the issue in too narrow a time frame. Said Sanford, echoing Cady: "The opposition of the moment will be overcome by the long-range benefit to scholarship, and that's what a university is all about."

After a debate last Thursday, the academic council voted 35 to 34 against the proposal. Some hoped for a compromise in which the Nixon papers would become part of Duke's library, without a special edifice bearing the Nixon name. Explained Historian Watson: "We'd all love to have Benedict Arnold's papers, but we don't want a Benedict Arnold building on campus."

At week's end the executive committee of the board of trustees voted 9 to 2 to proceed with negotiations. Nothing was said about dusting off the portrait of Gloomy Gus. ■

Top: Nixon as law student in 1934. Anti-Library Professor Watson, left, and President Sanford

A Trojan horse, a hidden portrait and irate references to Benedict Arnold

Marta goes to bed hungry every night.

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CHILDREN, INC.

Claudette: 77 and Ageless

"She's been drinking from the Fountain of Youth, that girl"

It had been a bad couple of days for Claudette Colbert, and even this most unactressy of actresses was suffering an attack of nerves. On the morning of the day her new play, a suspense comedy titled *A Talent for Murder*, opened in Washington, D.C., the fire alarms rang in her hotel and everyone was ordered to flee the building. She scurried around, picking up valuables and trying to coax Bijou, the cat, from under the bed. By the time Bijou was out, the gongs were silent—false alarm—but the damage was done. "I was shaking for 20 minutes," she explained later.

That night, just before she went onstage at the Kennedy Center, she whispered a little prayer: *"Mon Dieu, aidez moi."* Born in Paris, Colbert likes to speak to God directly—in his native tongue. But nothing worked that day. Her timing, perfect the night before, was off ever so slightly, and she even fluffed a couple of lines. Getting up early the next morning to read the Washington *Post*, she was stunned by a savage review, and almost immediately began throwing up. "Have you seen the newspaper?" she asked an interviewer that afternoon. "Is it true? Tell me frankly." After more than 60 pictures and several Broadway hits, it is touching, and rather nice, that Colbert still needs reassurance. Here it is: the play needs some rewriting before it opens on Broadway Oct. 1, but she was, as usual, terrific.

Colbert, who will turn 78 next week, has been terrific so long that she may be the only one who remembers when, or if, she was not. Perhaps in her only silent picture, *For the Love of Mike*. "I had no idea what I was doing, and I should never have played in silent pictures anyway. I wanted to talk!" And talk she did, in that voice of brushed velvet, through such films as *Cleopatra*, *Midnight*, *The Palm Beach Story*, *Since You Went Away*, *Three Came Home* and *It Happened One Night*, for which she won the 1934 Academy Award as best actress.

Though she has proved several times that she is a fine dramatic actress, her specialty is sophisticated comedy. Her heroines are two older, now retired practitioners of the art, Ina Claire and Lynn Fontanne. "I love to play comedy," she says, "and I can say immodestly that I'm a very good comedienne. But I was always fighting that image too. I just never had the luck to play bitches. Those are the only parts that ever register really." Two bitches she almost played were Blanche du Bois in the Broadway version of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and Margo Channing in *All About Eve*. But movie contracts kept her from the first part and a skiing accident from the second, which went to Bette Davis. In *A Talent for Murder*, Colbert is playing for fun once again, as a witty but alcoholic writer of mysteries whose avaricious family is trying to put her away so that they can enjoy her fortune. One of them is killed and the question of course is: Whodunit?

The star at a rehearsal of her new play, *A Talent for Murder*

"I can say immodestly that I'm a very good comedienne."

Part of the play's problem is that Authors Norman Panama and Jerome Chodorov cannot make up their own minds. The identity of the killer has been changed three times, requiring extensive rewriting and relearning of lines. Beyond that, Colbert is supposed to be crippled and must navigate the stage in an electric wheelchair; but the obstreperous machine just won't work right. "I'm black-and-blue from that damned thing," she complains.

By the time the "damned thing" arrives on Broadway, it is safe to say that it will have met its mistress. "Tough dame, that lovely frog," said Frank Capra, who directed her in *It Happened One Night*. When she sets her mind to do something, Colbert does it. Period. "I don't have any patience with people who say 'I can't,' " she says. "You can do anything you want to do if you try."

That determination doubtless came from her mother and grandmother. Father, a minor bank functionary who brought the family to the U.S. in 1906, when Colbert was three, was overshadowed by those two feuding, formidable little women. Colbert's favorite was *grand-mère*. "There's an old saying," she says. "Why do grandparents and grandchildren get along so well? They have the same enemy—the mother."

In 1923, two years after she graduated from Manhattan's Washington Irving High School, luck got her a bit part in a Broadway play and talent soon made her a star, first in the theater, then in films. She married and divorced an actor, then in 1935 married a Los Angeles surgeon, Joel Pressman. His death, of liver cancer in 1968, left her devastated. "He was my best friend," she says. "I had been hemmed in all my life, thinking that if I wanted to go somewhere, I couldn't. All of a sudden I was completely alone—my mother and my brother died not long after—and I could go anywhere. And it was awful."

She now lives half the year in Barbados, where she owns a house, and there she is almost as famous a hostess as she is an actress. "Her house is exquisitely decorated," says Jean-Pierre Aumont, her co-star in *A Talent for Murder*. "She has fantastic taste. Her table is set as if it's at the White House—which is funny because you eat wearing bathing suits." She has an apartment on Fifth Avenue as well and, now that she is by herself, also indulges one of her passions: travel. Hollywood? "The whole thing is over for me there. My husband is gone, my home is gone, and my picture career is gone."

Colbert loves acting, though it was never an obsession for her, as it was for some of her contemporaries, like Bette Davis and Katharine Hepburn. "I never thought of my career as the primary thing in my life," she says. "I looked upon acting as a job, and now, frankly, I regret it. I think of all the things I could have done. I just let parts come to me. I never went after them." Still, that seems to be about all she regrets, and if Colbert, radiant and ageless, is not happy, who is? "She's been drinking from the Fountain of Youth, that girl," marveled one elderly gent on opening night. Could be. Reminded that one of her idols, Lynn Fontanne, is now past 90, Colbert beams and says: "I'm going to do that."

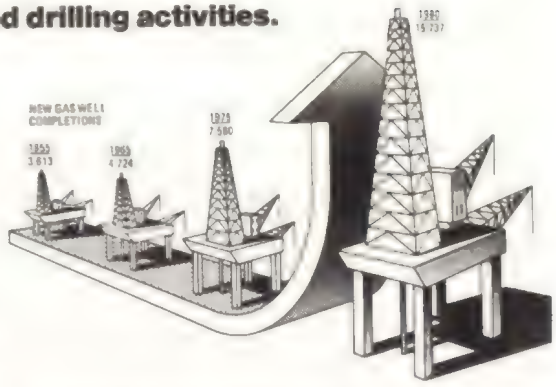
—*By Gerald Clarke*

GAS OPTION UPDATE

News on the critical role of gas energy in meeting America's energy needs—today and tomorrow

Record levels reached in gas exploration and drilling activities.

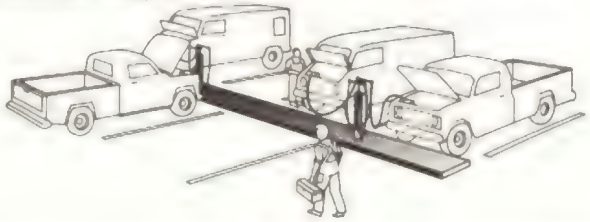
Evidence is growing that the United States has significant natural and supplemental gas supplies to tap well into the next century. More than 15,700 gas wells were completed last year—a seven percent increase over 1979. In addition, the total rig count has reached an all-time high. As of March 1981, 3,595 drilling rigs were in actual operation, surpassing the previous record of 2,991 set in December 1955. And underscoring the oil and gas industries' optimistic drilling plans, seismic crew activity (the first step in the exploration process) increased by more than 30 percent in 1980. This represents the highest level of crew activity since 1952.



Methane transportation makes strides.

Methane, the chief component of natural gas, currently powers over 300,000 light vehicles in use around the world, but only about 20,000 methane vehicles are used in the United States. And while the use of methane as a transportation fuel is not new, only recently has serious attention been focused on its enormous potential for reducing America's dependence on foreign oil.

Over half of the petroleum consumption of the U S. is in the transportation sector. A significant percentage of the gasoline consumed is in the fleet vehicle sector, and could be replaced by methane or compressed natural gas. Recognizing the potential of methane-powered vehicles for reducing oil imports, Congress recently passed the Methane Transportation, Research, Development and Demonstration Act to enhance the use of natural gas as a vehicular transportation fuel.

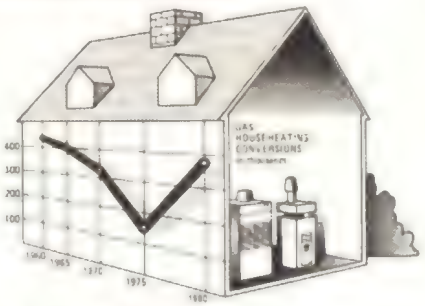


Study shows benefits of substituting North American pipeline gas imports for OPEC oil.

The U S economy would benefit from replacing OPEC oil with increased imports of gas energy by pipeline from Canada and Mexico, specifically in the short-term. For example, recent analyses show substitution of 1 Tcf of natural gas imported from our North American neighbors for an equivalent amount of OPEC oil would produce a benefit to the U.S. as high as $1.3 to $3.5 billion annually in terms of an improved balance of trade, and, if carried out as part of an overall program to reduce oil imports, a stabilizing impact on world oil prices. Of course, the Mexican and Canadian economies would accrue substantial benefits as well, as would the value of the U.S. dollar.

Conversion trend indicates growing consumer confidence in gas.

Oil-to-gas heating conversions increased dramatically in 1979, according to A.G.A. figures. Over 365,000 householeating units were converted to gas, largely from oil, a 155 percent increase over 1978 levels. Conversions to gas in 1980 have been estimated to be even greater than in 1979—383,000. This upsurge in conversions is attributed to the greatly improved gas supply picture following the enactment of the Natural Gas Policy Act of 1978. The economic attractiveness of gas compared with other fuels has also been an important factor.



Gas: The future belongs to the efficient.

For more information, write to American Gas Association Dept 32-A, 1515 Wilson Blvd., Arlington, Va 22209 ©1981

Too Good for Television?

Hill Street Blues *has everything going for it—except ratings*

ROLL CALL, 7:07 a.m. The Hill Street precinct comes to disorder. Detectives, patrolmen and patrolwomen, officers and desk jockeys shuffle through the squad room, find seats, swallow some coffee and try to ignore the day ahead. Sergeant Phillip Freemason Esterhaus (Michael Conrad), a mountain of meat and gristle with a smile that could crack ice, is briefing his charges on the new day's agenda. "I'd like to interject a personal observation," he announces. "It seems that we've reached a new low, graffiti-wise, in both the men's and women's lavatories. Now, in an organization of mature men and women, I suggest that we clean up our act . . . our vocabulary . . . at the very least *our spelling. To the anonymous bathroom poet, breast is generally spelled b-r-e-*A*-s-t. All right. And one more thing. Let's be careful out there."*

The critics were ecstatic. The mail has been heavy and enthusiastic. The network, NBC, loves and supports the show. And when the Emmy Awards are broadcast next week, *Hill Street Blues*' name will be called 21 times, a record for a prime-time series.

None of this really matters. The critics have no power; letters are written by the few who feel very deeply, pro or con. NBC cannot buy ratings with Emmys. Since its debut last January, the MTM production has resided in the bottom third of the Nielsens. Its hold on life is secure for the next few months; a new season of shows begins Thursday, Oct. 29 at 10 p.m. But no one knows if the Emmy Awards will signify a gold star or a silver bullet.

Maybe the problem is that the show's creators did not follow Sergeant Esterhaus' advice; they weren't careful out there. Writers-Producers Steven Bocheo and Michael Kozoll, Producer Gregory Hobbt and Director Robert Butler devised a "cop show" with no screaming car chases, no shining superheroes or disposable villains, no instant solutions to a ghetto full of predators and wary prey. Each episode tracks a day in the life of the policemen, the "blues," of an inner-city precinct. And at the end of each show, plot strands and predicaments are left hanging to be tied up next week or never. Hand-held cameras on dingily lighted sets catch life on the run, overlapping conversations lend *Hill Street* the texture of a Robert Altman locker room. The tone can explode from mellow to melodrama within a single sequence. This is an urban *M*A*S*H*, a ferociously intelligent *Dallas* and very much its own show.

Regulars Michael Conrad and Daniel J. Travanti in a scene at the station house

No shining heroes or disposable villains, no instant solution for the ghetto.

Veronica Hamel as Joyce

For all its deft balancing of slum tensions and ethnic sensibilities, *Hill Street Blues* is most endearing for its raucous wit, used not to leaven but to spice the mix. Consider, for example, the Patton-jawed Lieut. Howard Hunter (James B. Sikking), who sees the ghetto as one more Vietnamese village to destroy, and is forever taking a SWAT at the enemy: those "sawed-off Hispanics" "Third World mutants," "geeks with the wild hair." One week, Howard tried to recruit Officer Lucy Bates (Betty Thomas), who is shy, sharp-faced and, by her lights, feloniously tall. Though the macho cracker Andy Renko (Charles Haid) tells her she has "a rare understanding of the male hormonal imperative," Lucy frets that her blind dates won't measure: "Do you have any boots with Cuban heels?"

Part of the *Hill Street* kick comes from watching good writers and actors get away with this sort of thing on the prude tube. But Bocheo and Kozoll, cop-show veterans who were persuaded in 1979 by then NBC President Fred Silverman to try the genre one more time, won unusually free rein. "We demanded total artistic freedom—and got it," recalls Bocheo. In network television, total artistic freedom means that if you threaten to hold your breath till your face turns blue, maybe you can insinuate some sizzling badinage between Phil and the lickerish Grace Gardner (Barbara Babcock). "There's a wonderful madness to writing this show," says Kozoll. "With 13 major characters and so much going on, you can drag anything in." As a decade of R-rated movies has shown, freedom does not guarantee quality. Talent and ambition, pumping at high octane, can achieve it.

"Recently," says Director Butler, "we were sitting here wondering, 'Where did we go right?' " No one goes right in prime time without a 30% share of the viewing audience, and right now *Hill Street* hangs precariously in the mid-20s. "What's wrong with 12 million viewers?" asks Daniel J. Travanti, who as Captain Frank Furillo runs the station house with high ideals and good sense. Veronica Hamel, who plays Furillo's elegant girlfriend, Joyce, accuses NBC of having played "Russian roulette" with the program by scheduling it in five different time slots within its first three months. "My family couldn't find it and there were times when I couldn't find it," Hamel says. "I don't think the Nielsen families ever found it."

Ironically, Silverman's successor as NBC chairman is Grant Tinker, the former head of MTM. Tinker is expected to leave decisions on the future of *Hill Street* to NBC Entertainment President Brandon Tartikoff, who promises that "NBC will stay with the show. It is a loss leader that attracts certain viewers back to network TV." Bocheo would rather attract the regular TV audience. But he is pessimistic. "The vast number of viewers go to the television as a medicine cabinet. They need something to shut them down. But we grab the viewer by the throat and say, 'You can't be passive.' " Perhaps the exposure of *Hill Street Blues* on the Emmy show will persuade the mass audience that it might enjoy being a little *less* careful out there in TV land. — ***By Richard Corliss. Reported by Martha Smilgis/Los Angeles***

Hiram Walker's unique, light-tasting whisky earned its reputation as the finest whisky in exclusive clubs from the time it first appeared. That's how it became "Club Whisky."

In 1891, a new U.S. law required the country of origin to appear prominently on a product's label. Hiram Walker proudly added "*Canadian*" to Club Whisky and people just as proudly began ordering "*Canadian* Club."

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"Canadian Club"®

Cinema

Meeting cute in the Rockies: Blair Brown and John Belushi brave the wilderness

Over Easy

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE
Directed by Michael Apted
Screenplay by Lawrence Kasdan

"Movies should have a beginning, a middle and an end," harrumphed French Film Maker Georges Franju at a symposium some years back. "Certainly," replied Jean-Luc Godard. "But not necessarily in that order." In the past two decades, movies have gone Godard's way: end up. Even in Hollywood, structure is now a word you are apt to hear only from Bel Air real estate agents. Adventurous directors snapped the straight spine of traditional drama into a series of vertebral vignettes. The standard comedy structure, which had kept stage and screen humming from Labiche to Lubitsch, gave way to anthologies of slapstick punctuated by expletives. The story became so much dead air between explosions of pain and laughter. And so the question arises: Does anyone in movies still care about structure?

Lawrence Kasdan does, with a vengeance. Like John Sayles (*Alligator, Return of the Secaucus 7*), Kasdan proposes a return to basics in screenplays: clean narrative lines, understandable characters, tantalizing plot precipices. His scripts live comfortably within the conventions of their genres: sci-fi intrigue in *The Empire Strikes Back*, Saturday-matinee thrills in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, the steamy crime story in *Body Heat*. All these films were made with George Lucas or Steven Spielberg; now Spielberg serves as an executive producer of the script, written in 1977, that brought Kasdan to his attention. *Continental Divide* may be the most reductive of his screenplays, but in reviving the romantic-comedy format of the '30s, it offers lessons to the student of structure—and pleasure to any moviegoer out for a good time.

There must be an attraction of opposites: Ernie Souchak (John Belushi), a pudgy, wily, chain-smoking columnist for the Chicago *Sun-Times*, and Nell Porter (Blair Brown), a Boston Brahmin working alone in her Rocky Mountain aerie to save the American bald eagle. They must "meet cute": assigned to write a story on the Bird Woman of Wyoming, Souchak climbs the mountain at risk of life and lung, falls asleep in Nell's cabin and is poked awake by her. They must reverse roles: he cooks goulash while she overpowers a pair of hunters. They must adapt their skills to the new environment: Souchak defends himself against a mountain lion by calling on his street smarts. They must fall in love, part, reunite: they do. And then Kasdan must resolve the romance and still allow the characters to go their own way: does he ever.

Kasdan's dialogue sometimes scans to sitcom rhythms. Transitions between sequences are too often punch lines to jokes played on the characters and the audience. But there are good sitcoms and bad, and *Continental Divide* is superior. John Belushi has dispensed with his randy Neanderthal persona to play that most hallowed of Hollywood leading-man roles: the extraordinary ordinary guy. Blair Brown is an earthy aristocrat and a resourceful actress: her face puffs and blotches beautifully when Nell's emotions demand it. If they are not quite Tracy and Hepburn, they will do until the real thing comes along—on the Late Show, in *Woman of the Year* or *Pat and Mike*, models for Kasdan's artful updating. His script, and the movie, improve as they progress, and the ending is especially satisfying—Kasdan's signature on this valentine to an old movie genre. Georges Franju would be pleased.

By Richard Corliss

Under There

GALLIPOLI
Directed by Peter Weir
Screenplay by David Williamson

They meet as competitors in a provincial track meet. They start to become friends when Archy, the country mouse (Mark Lee), shares his breakfast with Frank, the city ferret (Mel Gibson), who has gone broke betting on himself. That friendship deepens as they trek through the Australian outback to Perth, where the idealistic but underage Archy hopes to find a recruiter who will permit him to fight for someone else's King and country in the Great War.

It is all very pleasant and, as realized by Director Weir, who proved in *Picnic at Hanging Rock* that he has a gift for empty-space pictorialism, quite handsome. But after the males have been bonded, they must endure separation (Archy gets a good regiment, Frank finds himself in the infantry), and the audience must endure an extended service comedy as the lads train in Egypt, where there are mule jokes, "feelthy" pictures jokes, and the Pyramids at dawn. At times it seems that one can't get to Gallipoli at all from the point at which Weir starts.

Certainly one cannot traverse this banal movie territory and arrive at the essence of the campaign that supplies this film with its title. Historically, Gallipoli was a tragic epic. On this obscure Turkish peninsula, an outpost of empire was required to sacrifice the best and bravest of a generation in an ill-conceived, almost whimsical attempt to break the stalemate in the trenches of Western Europe. But the ground was wrong—too rugged—and the method of attack—an amphibious assault from small boats—entirely untried. The result was a stalemate as deadly as the one in France. All this is ignored by the film, and the lack of context robs it of meaning. Those who haven't boned up recently on military history may well find *Gallipoli* a puzzling piece. More important, the harshest irony—the contrast between the heroism of the troops and the near criminal absurdity of the enterprise—is lost.

This deafness to overtone is especially disappointing because Weir, in *Hanging Rock* and *The Last Wave*, showed himself to be particularly adept at suggesting, with force and economy, the resonances in ordinary-seeming events. Perhaps he was overwhelmed by the scale of this project, for one senses throughout that he is pulling back to the safely particular rather than straining forward toward a more daring grandeur. Well acted and, within its limited terms, well made, *Gallipoli* represents a failure of nerve as well as design.

—By Richard Schickel

Virginia Slims remembers the many pleasures of a woman's day while camping in the great outdoors.

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Planes share the roads with cars at California's Cameron Airpark

At Illinois' Casa de Aero, driveways are out front, taxiways in back

Living

Home Is Where the Hangar Is

Air parks have become a way of life for private-plane owners

For most people, living close to an airport can be nightmarish, a constant affliction of screaming jet engines and shuddering vibration as huge airliners pass overhead. To a special few, a home beside an airport runway is the realization of a cherished dream. These people own their own planes and dwell in "air parks," residential communities organized around a private airstrip, accessible from nearly every home. Residents can park their planes in their front yards or in hangars—some of them two-plane models—adjacent to their houses. "When the kids ask for the keys to go out," says a resident of one airstrip community, "you don't know what keys they mean—for the car or for the airplane."

There are some 40 air parks around the U.S., most of them in California and in the ideally flat farm country around Chicago. But they have also sprung up in Florida, Arizona, Colorado, New York and even New Hampshire. All are operating at full tilt despite the ongoing air controllers' strike. Nineteen-year-old Cameron Airpark, 30 miles east of Sacramento, is an aeronautical paradise of clear skies and steady climate, with little fog or pollution. It consists of a 4,000-ft. paved runway surrounded by 120 half-acre lots that border on 100-ft.-wide, four-lane taxiway-roads with names like Lockheed Drive and Boeing Road. The two center lanes are for cars, the outer two for airplanes. Lots are priced from $35,000 to $80,000. So far, 50 homes valued at $150,000 to $500,000 have been built.

In Florida, Spruce Creek Homes air park is being built around an old World War II Navy landing strip eight miles from Daytona Beach. It will eventually have 2,000 units, including houses and condominiums, plus commercial hangars for apartment dwellers with no access to the taxiways. Many air parks try to maintain the airborne motif throughout the community. At Colorado's 40-home Erie Air Park, near Boulder, the local restaurant is in a converted Convair 990 jetliner, and the "parking lot" out front is actually a taxiway where customers can roll up in their small planes.

Many air park residents are antique-airplane buffs or hobby plane builders. Quite a few also tend to be affiliated with or retired from commercial aviation: some 25 airline pilots live at Cameron and commute—by air, of course—to their jobs at San Francisco International and other area airports. Illinois' Casa de Aero, a 45-home park 38 miles from Chicago's O'Hare International Airport, was developed by three airline pilots especially for families like theirs.

Because they live in air parks, owners can use their planes for both work and play, and counter some of the expense by taking a tax deduction for business use. Erie Homeowner Francis Banderet, a construction and farm equipment dealer, sees to his far-flung clients' needs by plane. Robert McDaniels, a retired airline pilot who lives in Naper Aero, near Chicago, owns four planes. One is a 1917 wooden-frame Jenny; another is a two-seater he uses to give flying lessons at a nearby airfield.

The planes do tend to shape their owners' life-style, though. "When your husband asks you out to dinner," says Jan Carlsen, a resident of Cameron Airpark, "you don't have to go to the local Taco Bell; you can go to the Carson City Taco Bell." By plane it would be about a half-hour hop; by car, more than two hours, some of it over difficult mountain roads. ■

In Florida, a two-plane family displays a vintage SNJ5 naval trainer

At Cameron, High School Teacher Roy Nelson revs up

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Tops on the Classical Shelf

A maestro's mastery, a virtuoso's debut, a fresh look at genius

Wagner: Parsifal (Tenor Peter Hofmann, Bass-Baritone José van Dam, Mezzo Dunja Vejzovic, Bass-Baritone Siegmund Nimsgern, Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic and Deutsche Oper Berlin Chorus; Deutsche Grammophon, five records). Wagner's last and most difficult music drama has not had a really satisfying recording—until now. Hofmann makes Parsifal both strong and guileless, the splendid Van Dam is an anguished Amfortas, and Nimsgern is an evil, but not inhuman Klingsor. Only Vejzovic, a screechy Kundry, is weak. The real stars are Karajan and his Berliners, who capture the score's glowing spirituality and black magic in a luminous performance

Chopin: Piano Sonata No. 2 and other works (Ivo Pogorelich, piano; Deutsche Grammophon). The fastest way to a big career these days seems to lie in not winning a major competition. When Pianist Youri Egorov failed to make the finals of the Van Cliburn four years ago, outraged fans launched him by raising an equivalent of the first-prize money themselves. Similarly, when Yugoslav-born Ivo Pogorelich, 22, was eliminated before the last round of the recent Chopin competition in Warsaw, one judge, Pianist Martha Argerich, resigned in protest. The incident became a musical *cause célèbre*. Pogorelich's first U.S. record includes wayward but ultimately persuasive interpretations of the Chopin *Funeral March* sonata and six shorter pieces. Lightning tempos in some works, such as the C-sharp-minor *Scherzo*, display his formidable technique, while the slow E-flat *Nocturne*, Op. 55, No. 2, allows the pianist to show off his ravishing, sensuous tone

Hamilton Harty: An Irish Symphony (Bryden Thomson conducting the Ulster Orchestra; Chandos). Sir Hamilton Harty (1879-1941) is probably best known in America as a reorchestrator of Handel's *Water Music*. But Harty, born in County Down, was also a composer and conductor. The *Irish Symphony* mixes such well-known tunes as *The Girl I Left Behind Me* with Gaelic airs and original melodies to produce a score worthy of comparison with another delightful, little-known *Irish Symphony*—Sir Arthur Sullivan's

Mozart: The Symphonies, Vol. 5, Salzburg, 1775-1783 (The Academy of Ancient Music directed by Jaap Schröder, violin, and Christopher Hogwood, harpsichord; L'Oiseau-Lyre, four records). How did Mozart's music sound in Mozart's day? The Academy of Ancient Music, one of Britain's best original-instruments ensembles, is answering the question with its traversal of 68 Mozart symphonies—27 more than the commonly accepted 41. They are played on 18th century instruments or modern replicas, which are tuned slightly lower than their modern counterparts. Such familiar works as the *"Haffner"* and *"Linz"* symphonies emerge with new freshness and vitality; by comparison, versions on modern instruments sound stodgy and inflated. A major re-evaluation of the classical style, the project is one of the most important in the history of the phonograph

Holst: The Planets (Simon Rattle conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel). Born in Britain in 1955, Simon Rattle has already become a leading conductor on the international scene. He knows how to lead the large forces required by Gustav Holst for his extraterrestrial seven-movement suite (planet earth is not portrayed, and Pluto had not been sighted in 1916 when the work was completed). From the five-beats-to-the-bar war march of *Mars* through the Falstaffian jollity of *Jupiter* to the elusive mystery

of *Neptune* with its wordless female chorus, *The Planets* is a showpiece that fully deserves its popularity

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5 (Karl Böhm conducting the London Symphony Orchestra; Deutsche Grammophon). Karl Böhm, who died last month at 86, was one of the finest interpreters of the standard, middle-European repertory. The *Fifth Symphony*, recorded in bright, focused digital sound, is typical of the Austrian conductor's respectful aesthetic: there is no fussing with the music in an attempt at "personalizing" it. Böhm lets Tchaikovsky's anguish speak for itself in a performance that combines passion with restraint. One of the maestro's last recordings, it will also serve as an eloquent memorial

Berg: Wozzeck (Baritone Eberhard Waechter, Soprano Anja Silja, Christoph von Dohnányi conducting the Vienna Philharmonic; London, two records). In *Wozzeck*, Alban Berg mixed atonality with unabashed romanticism to create the greatest opera of the 20th century. Despite its difficulty (the first performance in 1925 required some 34 orchestral rehearsals), it has had a happy fate on records. With Mack Harrell and Eileen Farrell singing the doomed lovers, Dimitri Mitropoulos revealed the brooding power of the score back in 1951. Later came Karl Böhm's version with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Evelyn Lear, which emphasized the work's late-romantic aspects. Pierre Boulez's regal set, issued in 1967, remains the finest overall; it boasts the best Wozzeck in Walter Berry and the conductor's unmatched sympathy and understanding of Berg's style. On this new recording, Silja is touching and vulnerable, while Waechter sings the title role with the kind of stolid bewilderment befitting the poor, tortured anti-hero. Conductor Dohnányi, like Böhm before him, revels in the music's profound lyricism, yet does not slight its moments of stark terror and violence. London's digital recording captures the rustle, whisper and shriek of this magnificent score. —*By Michael Walsh*

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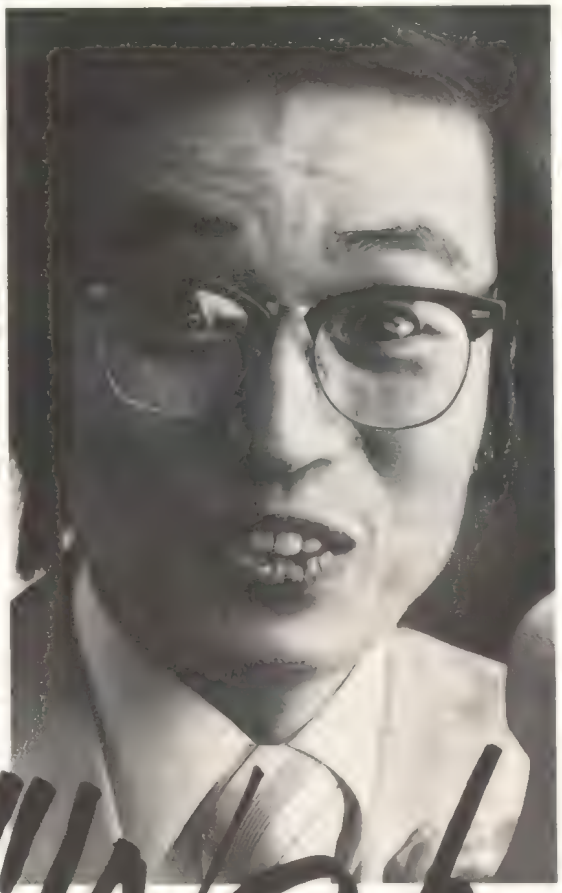

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"Wak Steki!"

Fragments of a Gentle Despair

A LITTLE ORIGINAL SIN: THE LIFE AND WORK OF JANE BOWLES
by Millicent Dillon; Holt, Rinehart & Winston; 464 pages; $18.95

Jane Bowles posing for *Harper's Bazaar* in her New York apartment in 1946

When Jane Bowles was just turning 20, she wrote a childhood friend, "Life suddenly seems as short as a pistol shot." She must have meant the good parts. The achievements of her 56 years—a funny, excruciating novel, *Two Serious Ladies*, a haunted, talky play, *In the Summer House*, and a handful of short stories—were chiefly completed before she was 30. These bits and fragments of rather gentle despair, jagged as broken glass, brilliant as diamond chips, have made Jane Bowles a minor cult figure (Tennessee Williams has called her "the most underrated American writer of this century"). But it was Bowles' life that made her a legend even before she died in 1973.

Millicent Dillon, a novelist herself, has taken all the melancholy details and produced much more than a horror story, thanks to a steady refusal either to romanticize or merely to pity her subject.

The description of Jane as a child fitted her throughout most of her life: "An elf with large luminous eyes and a ski-jump nose." At parties she loved to sit on men's laps, and was known to dance on tables—a flapper too late for the jazz age.

Jane began cruising gay bars in Greenwich Village at the age of 18, but she was unfamiliar with the ways of men when she married the composer Paul Bowles in 1938 at the age of 20. All her life people found something simultaneously "prim and outrageous" about her. Friends tended to adopt Jane as if she were a slightly dangerous exotic pet. Her wit came with sharp little teeth—she was a devastating mimic—and she could turn in an instant from purring flirtation to inexplicable rage. Yet, in an oddly old-fashioned way, she dispensed food, hospitality and unstinting affection to those who, like herself, found life difficult.

Behind the amusing, naughty little girl, capable of charming the likes of E.E. Cummings, Aaron Copland and Truman Capote, there squirmed an agonized idealist. She believed that everything in life was a moral choice, yet remained so indecisive that she could hardly select a meal in a restaurant.

Writing involved the most torturous choices of all. She found the process "nauseous" and her writing materials so menacing that she referred to blank paper and her pens as "Nazis." All her indecisiveness came out in writing, as she immersed herself now in one character, now in another—then, as often as not, reversed them. Indecisiveness was the torment of her life, and the living center of her art. "What shall we do?" Williams recalls the question, frivolous and terror-stricken, as her leitmotiv.

Millicent Dillon

She hated to travel, and she traveled everywhere: Mexico, Paris, Ceylon, North Africa. Nowhere did she find peace, least of all in Tangier, where the Bowleses made their home from 1948 on. She took woman after woman as lover, yet her last amour doubted that Jane had ever experienced much satisfaction.

She was afraid of almost everything—the sea, closed doors, fire, elevators, the people she loved. "He's my enemy," she declared on first meeting her future husband, who was certainly also her best friend, playing with her until the end the Fellini-like games of make-believe that—along with alcohol and drugs—helped her endure reality.

By all standards of mercy, Jane deserved a quick and early death. In 1957, at the age of 40, she suffered a stroke that cruelly afflicted her with aphasia—the inability to write or grasp the meaning of some of the simplest words. One of her doctors said of Jane's illness: "If you were to devise how best to undermine the mind of a writer, you couldn't think of a better means than this." She lingered on through cycles of recovery and deterioration for over 15 years, witnessing the success of Paul as a novelist—not missing out, it seemed, on a single turn of the screw. As her final humiliation, she wound up in a psychiatric clinic in Málaga.

The lines she wrote for Mrs. Copperfield in *Two Serious Ladies* sum up: "I *have* gone to pieces, which is a thing I've wanted to do for years."

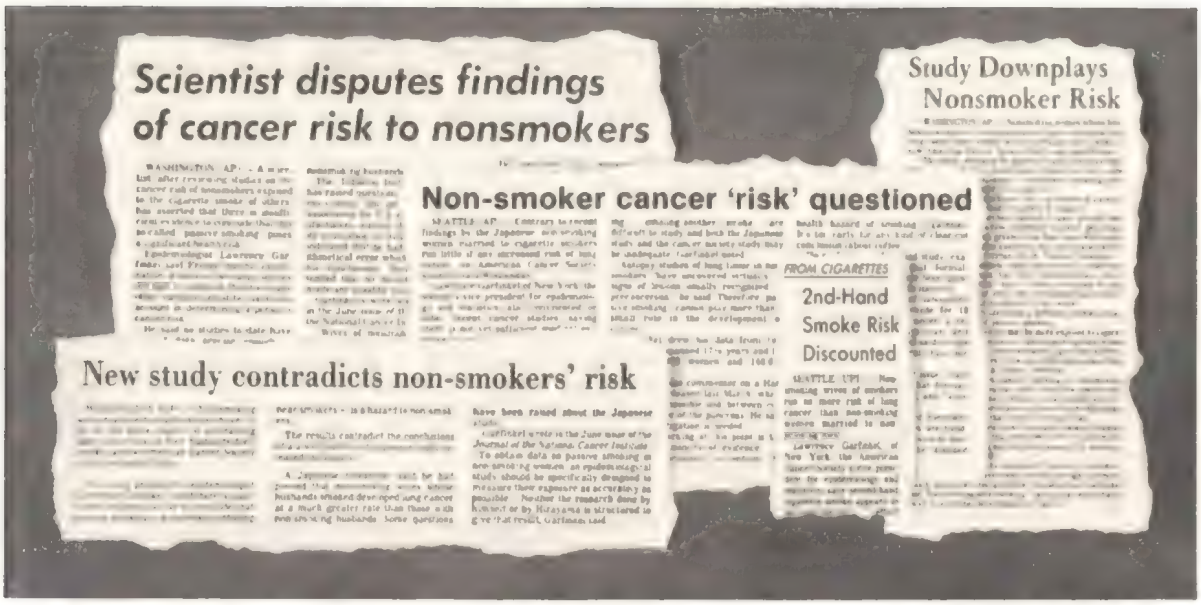
But, as Dillon never forgets, Bowles brought a gallantry to her outmatched struggle with her life. It is strangely fitting that her last major stroke occurred while she was dancing at a party in her madhouse, thus earning herself her own brave and touching epitaph: "I have never yet enjoyed a day, but I have never stopped trying to arrange for happiness."

—By Melvin Maddocks

Excerpt

"She and the students got to talking about brothels. She told them that she'd never seen one, but had always wanted to. The students agreed to take her, and they went to a house at the edge of the city. A large man in uniform entered with a pistol in his holster. He was the chief bodyguard of the dictator of Guatemala. Looking around the room he saw Jane and said, 'That's the one I want.' The students tried to protest. 'This is a tourist,' they said. The proprietor offered him one of the other women. 'No,' he said, 'I want that one.' The prostitutes sneaked Jane into a back room and got her out of a window into an empty lot behind the brothel. She would say nothing to Paul about what had happened to her. In secrecy she was still finding her absolution."

HERE'S WHAT'S NOW BEING SAID ABOUT TOBACCO SMOKE IN THE AIR.



Several months ago, headlines around the world trumpeted alarming news. A Japanese study was claiming that non-smoking wives of smokers had a higher risk of lung cancer because of their husbands' tobacco smoke. That scared a lot of people and understandably so, if this claim was the last word.

But now new headlines have appeared. First, because several eminent biostatisticians found an apparent statistical error in the Japanese calculations—raising serious questions about the study.

Second, because Lawrence Garfinkel, the statistical director of the American Cancer Society who is opposed to smoking, published a report covering 17 years and nearly 200,000 people in which he indicated that "second-hand" smoke has insignificant effect on lung cancer rates in nonsmokers.

If you'd like to know more about these developments, write Scientific Division, The Tobacco Institute, 1875 I St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006

BEFORE YOU BELIEVE HALF THE STORY, GET THE WHOLE STORY.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Forever Ambler

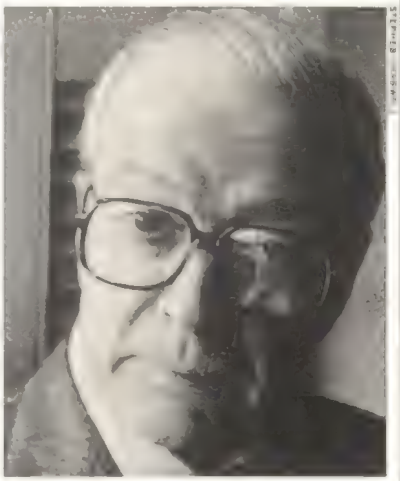
THE CARE OF TIME
by Eric Ambler
Farrar Straus Giroux
277 pages; $11.95

After 45 years in thriller country, Eric Ambler is still the master of murk Ironic, cerebral, smooth as vintage port, he has created an all-too-familiar world of doublecross and blackmail where the heroes are unheroic and the villains almost likable. *The Care of Time* is quintessential Ambler from the very first sentence: "The warning message arrived on Monday, the bomb itself on Wednesday. It became a busy week."

A bit of an understatement. The bomb, a very sophisticated one, is intended to persuade its recipient, Freelance Writer Robert Halliday, that the sender is a man to be taken seriously. Next, through devious channels, follows a more attractive package: an offer to the writer to edit "a definitive work on the nature of terrorism"—based on the newly discovered journals of a 19th century anarchist named Sergei Gennadiyevich Nechayev. Halliday's fee: $50,000. Such jack being rare for a hack, Halliday warily takes on the job. It leads him to Italy and to the mailer of the bomb, an unsavory entrepreneur of many aliases—Zander, Brochet, Hecht, Luccio—all of which, in various languages, mean pike, the fish.

The deal turns out to be as fishy as the dealer. Instead of penciling a manuscript—there is no manuscript—Halliday finds himself enmeshed in devious negotiations initiated by a Persian Gulf emir identified only as the Ruler. The potentate is eager to lease territory he controls to NATO as a major allied military base. Zander-Luccio, the Pike, serves as middleman in the deal, hoping that a grateful U.S. Government will thereafter provide him with political asylum and a new identity. After a long career of nastiness in the Middle East, he has learned that he is the target of an international hit gang named Mukhabarat Zentrum (secret intelligence service), code-named Rasmuk. There is also a contract out on his seductive girl Friday, who turns out to be his daughter and another reason why Halliday stays around

These are only the bare bones of the plot. The author, who has also been one of the most felicitous movie scenarists of his generation (*A Night to Remember, The Cruel Sea*), may have developed his unerring tempo from that medium. His labyrinthine plots, however, are uniquely Amblerian. Hero Halliday, who is forced into acting as intermediary between the Ruler, the Pike and NATO intelligence, finally meets the sheik in a house above an abandoned silver mine in Austria. Though the mine is supposed to be a potential treatment center for respiratory diseases, Halliday discovers that the potentate has far more sinister intentions. What follows



Eric Ambler
Ironic, cerebral, smooth as vintage port.

thereafter is a frenetic and wholly plausible chase, with enough twists and alarms to fuel two more novels.

From his debut in the 1930s, with *The Dark Frontier*, Ambler set the course for the likes of John le Carré and Robert Ludlum, who have yet to show that they can match the maestro for consistency and endurance. In *The Care of Time*, as in Ambler's 17 other novels, it is finally not so much the plot that grips the attention, superbly handled though it is, but the characters, all of them human and vulnerable: the flawed journalist, the fearful broker, his not quite ice-cool daughter, the sick sheik, even the attendant thugs, brass hats, cops and spies. No one except perhaps Graham Greene knows or describes his atmosphere or terrain as meticulously as Ambler. It encompasses the topography of fear. —*By Michael Demarest*

Divided Soul

MEMOIRS OF AN ANTI-SEMITE
by Gregor von Rezzori
Viking; 287 pages; $13.95

These five long stories are connected by a single protagonist and a ruling obsession. They begin with a young boy growing up in the 1920s in northern Rumania. The time is already out of joint for his upper-class parents, who still mourn the death of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and the succeeding decades are to prove even harder on the son. Near the end, he is a bitter old man in Rome, looking back on "half a century—and what a century!" of chaos and dissolution. Memories alone sustain him, and nearly all of them have to do with Jews.

The title of this intricate narrative is technically accurate but also misleading The self-described "moth-eaten survivor of a bygone splendid world," who prefers Gregor above his half-dozen other Christian names, carries bigotry as both his birthright and curse. His father "hated Jews," and the son follows somewhat haltingly down the same path: "We just didn't like them, or at least liked them less than other fellow human beings. This was as natural as liking cats less than dogs or bedbugs less than bees; and we amused ourselves by offering the most absurd justifications." As he idles in Vienna during the late 1930s and watches the gathering power of the Nazis, Gregor is capable of the most appalling judgments: "And if the Jews were frightened, it served them right. It would keep them from becoming Russian spies and propagandists of Communism and also make them behave a little more decently at the Salzburg Festival."

Yet Gregor's repellent opinions are consistently at odds with his behavior. From childhood on he is drawn to Jews, as both as friends and lovers. In Vienna, he offers to marry one so that she can claim Rumanian citizenship and escape the encircling Nazis. This offer is kindly refused, and she gets out another way. When the war is over, Gregor does marry a Jew, his second wife, and fathers a son, who dies at the age of five after years of stormy divorce and custody battles. Years later, the old man tries to convince himself that this death was merciful, that the sad-eyed child would have grown up to be both "himself as a Jew" and a bomb-throwing Maoist. Yet a tactile memory triumphs: "Never will he forget how they walked through a park one winter, and the little boy held out his hand to have the father lead him along; he gave him his forefinger, and even today, he can still feel the little fist closing around it and clutching it."

The sadness of this moment does not absolve Gregor of his sins, nor does the fact that he knows when he has been beastly. He accurately labels his behavior as such, but his honesty seems disdainful rather than repentant. His soul remains disastrously divided against itself. He can-

Gregor von Rezzori
History unwinding within a single skull.

not reconcile what he thinks by rote with what he knows through experience.

Yet Author Gregor von Rezzori, 67, has made it possible to understand this anti-hero, who shares his name, place and date of birth and various cities of residence. It matters little how much of *Memoirs of an Anti-Semite* may be autobiographical; the book's achievement overshadows its origins. These haunting stories portray history unwinding within a single skull, a cultivated, often charming mind being betrayed by a catastrophic flaw.

They also show how such treason, magnified many millions of times, led civilization itself to the brink.

—By Paul Gray

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Dad, *William Wharton* Ellis Island & Other Stories, *Mark Helprin* • The Hotel New Hampshire, *John Irving* On Heroes and Tombs, *Ernesto Sábato* • Riddley Walker, *Russell Hoban* • The Testament, *Elie Wiesel* • Zuckerman Unbound, *Philip Roth*

NONFICTION: The Eisenhower Diaries, *edited by Robert H. Ferrell* Jefferson and His Time. The Sage of Monticello, *Dumas Malone* • The Lord God Made Them All, *James Herriot* • Mornings on Horseback, *David McCullough* • Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number, *Jacobo Timerman* Within the Whirlwind, *Eugenia Ginzburg*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Cujo, *King (1 last week)*
2. The Third Deadly Sin, *Sanders (2)*
3. Goodbye, Janette, *Robbins (3)*
4. Noble House, *Clavell (4)*
5. The Glitter Dome, *Wambaugh (5)*
6. God Emperor of Dune, *Herbert (6)*
7. Gorky Park, *Smith (7)*
8. Night Probe! *Cussler (8)*
9. The Cardinal Sins, *Greeley (9)*
10. Women's Work, *Wallach*

NONFICTION

1. The Beverly Hills Diet, *Mazel (1)*
2. Richard Simmons' Never-Say-Diet Book, *Simmons (2)*
3. The Lord God Made Them All, *Herriot (3)*
4. Living Alone and Liking It, *Shahan (4)*
5. How to Make Love to a Man, *Penney (5)*
6. Miss Piggy's Guide to Life, *Piggy with Beard (6)*
7. Theory Z, *Ouchi (9)*
8. Cosmos, *Sagan*
9. The Cinderella Complex, *Dowling*
10. You Can Negotiate Anything, *Cohen (8)*

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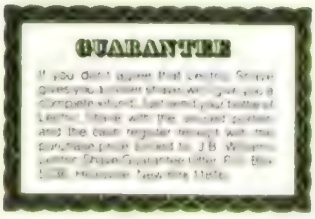

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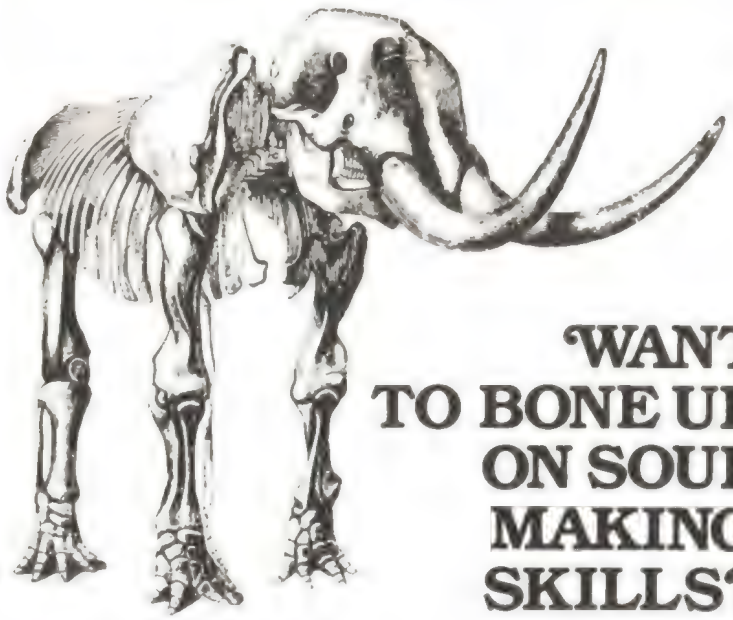

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HELP SOMEBODY BE SOMEBODY.

Commemorating a Heroic Act

Pilgrims honor villagers who gave their lives to save others

Gerald Phizackerley, an Anglican archdeacon, stood last week near a rocky outcrop, surrounded by the heath-clad hills and moors of the English Midlands, reciting a nursery rhyme:

Ring-a-ring of roses,
A pocketful of posies,
Atishoo! Atishoo!
We all fall down.

There was no laughter from the congregation of 600 gathered in the field outside the village of Eyam. Some worshipers seemed close to tears, for this was a service to commemorate a rare act of heroism at the time of the Great Plague that struck England more than 300 years ago. The rhyme's four bitter lines refer to the rosy mark on the chest of plague victims, the nosegays that people carried thinking to prevent infection, convulsive sneezing—and then death.

The plague, caused by bacteria usually spread by fleas carried on rats, raged through London in the summer of 1665, killing 68,500 people, a sixth of the city's population. Two-thirds fled the city, carrying the disease with them. Tiny and remote, Eyam seemed safe. But that September a village tailor received an infested bolt of cloth from London. Within a few days the tailor died. Soon dozens of others were seized by raging fever, vomiting, giddiness and excruciating buboes (swollen glands). But by the end of May the pestilence seemed to have run its course, with only 77 dead.

Then in the late spring of 1666, the plague erupted again in Eyam. By then the few townsfolk rich enough to have homes elsewhere were long gone. Now even the common folk, most with nowhere to go, decided to flee the town.

It was then that Village Rector William Mompesson spoke up. Knowing that the departing villagers would spread the disease, he exhorted them to quarantine

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Dance in a graveyard to ward off the plague

Confining death within a circle of stones.

themselves in Eyam to save the rest of Derbyshire. Such was the authority of the clergy, the power of faith and the eloquence of the 28-year-old rector that the people of Eyam agreed. A circle was marked out with stones around the town a half-mile in radius. The Earl of Devonshire agreed to provide most of the necessary food and other goods, which outsiders left nervously on the perimeter every week.

Figuring that indoor meetings were dangerous, Mompesson moved Sunday worship into a nearby field. When pious townspeople gathered to pray for deliverance, they stood at some distance from each other. The rector and a Nonconformist minister were the only visitors to console the sick, grieving and terrified residents.

By the time the plague had run its course 259 of the 350 villagers had died. One of the last victims was Mompesson's wife Catherine. Assuming he was also destined to die, he wrote a farewell letter: "I thank God, I am content to shake hands with all the world, and I have many comfortable assurances that God will accept me." To avoid contamination, he dictated the letter by shouting on the moor to a visiting clergyman. Mompesson did not die. Three years after the plague subsided, he was reassigned to the village of Eakring, where the residents at first feared that he might still infect them.

Successive waves of plague, which swept across Europe starting in the mid-14th century, produced much human cruelty, in addition to tens of millions of deaths. There were hysterical and savage flare-ups of anti-Semitism, frenzied self-lacerations by groups of Flagellants, who thought the end of the world had come, and countless acts of terrified selfishness. But each year pilgrims from all over England still gather in the same field where Mompesson preached, to honor a priest and people who, as the service notes, "counted not their lives dear to themselves, but laid them down for their friends." ■

Milestones

MARRIED. Susan Atkins, 33, former Charles Manson family member who is serving a life sentence for her role in the 1969 slayings of Actress Sharon Tate and seven others; and **Donald Lee Laisure,** 52, self-proclaimed Texas millionaire whom she met while hitchhiking in California in 1965; she for the first time (Laisure claims 35 previous marriages); in the chapel of the California Institute for Women in Frontera, Calif.

DIED. Vera-Ellen Rohe, 60, Cincinnati-born actress who, under the stage name Vera-Ellen, brought her well-scrubbed good looks and lissome dancing to a string of 1940s and 1950s Hollywood musicals, appearing opposite such stars as Gene Kelly *(On the Town),* Fred Astaire *(Three Little Words)* and Bing Crosby *(White Christmas);* of cancer; in Los Angeles.

DIED. Theodore Roszak, 74, Polish-born sculptor who was best known for the much maligned, and admired, 37-ft. aluminum eagle he created for the façade of the U.S. embassy in London in 1960; of a heart attack; in New York City.

DIED. Albert Speer, 76, Adolf Hitler's master builder, a brilliant architect who, as Minister of Armaments and War Production, was one of the most powerful men in Nazi Germany; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in London. Starting in 1934, Speer built Nazi Party headquarters in Munich and the chancellery in Berlin and orchestrated Hitler's spectacular mass rallies at the stadium in Nuremberg. For his use of slave labor as head of war production from 1942 to 1945, he was sentenced in 1946 to 20 years in prison at the Nuremberg war-crimes trials.

DIED. Joseph H. Hirshhorn, 82, maverick financier, mining tycoon, art collector and founder of the Hirshhorn Museum; of a heart attack; in Washington, D.C. The Latvian-born Hirshhorn rose from penury to wealth through shrewd dealings in stocks, gold, uranium and oil, meanwhile amassing a high-quality hoard of 2,000 sculptures and 4,000 paintings valued at $50 million. He was persuaded by President Lyndon Johnson in 1966 to donate his collection to establish the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, D.C., which the U.S. built eight years later at a cost of $15 million.

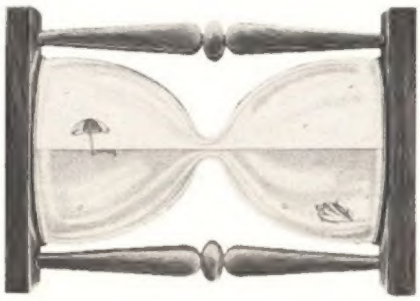
DIED. Alec Waugh, 83, author of more than 50 novels *(A Spy in the Family),* biographies *(The Lipton Story)* and travel books *(The Sugar Islands)* who labored for years in the shadow of his better-known brother Evelyn, until the publication in 1956 of his bestselling yarn of interracial love and intrigue in the Caribbean, *Island in the Sun;* in Tampa, Fla.

Summer's End: Goodbye, Local Peaches

"My idea of a vacation is to rest quietly in the shade of a blond."
—Dick Powell

Come September, children return to school, grownups to work, and the brain to the head. Not that the brain actually leaves the head during the summer months; rather, something happens to it, or on it, like a moon caught in an eccentric orbit between the sun and, say, East Hampton or Bodega Bay. Astronomers know this event either as the "mental equinox" or "cranial eclipse." It is not serious, causes no permanent damage; the apparatus is simply altered while the body is on vacation. After Labor Day, when the body stands vertical again, the brain pops back into shape like an inflated cauliflower, proving its recovery by formulating the first white lie of the season: "Had a marvelous time. Marvelous." Oh, that brain. What a kidder.

In fact, of course, no one even remembers what sort of time one has on summer vacation, because the mind is not itself. All we ever have are the vaguest recollections, preserved for a brief time in their rich excitement before they fade like a tan:



Summer Talk

"Are these local peaches?"
"These local peaches sure look good."
"What magnificent peaches!"
"They're much sweeter than last year's peaches."
"These peaches local?"

Summer Achievements

The discovery of any of the following items in Antiques 'n' Stuff: a carved ivory head of Samuel F.B. Morse; 20 matching miniature spoons; a slightly damaged print of all the U.S. Presidents up to 1900 as they might have looked strolling arm in arm; a weather vane in the shape of a wolf.

The discovery of any of the following items on the beach: a dead crab; a dead crayfish; a Fresca bottle; a rock of three colors.

Being asked to a cocktail party to honor Kurt Waldheim.

Overhearing someone tell about being asked to a cocktail party to honor Kurt Waldheim.

The day any of the following addressed you by name: Surf (the lifeguard), Hun (the policeman), Marvin (the village idiot), Red (of Red's Peach Stand).

Summer Entertainment

A Dalmatian scratching its back on the side of the road not far from Red's Peach Stand.

A cloud in the shape of a moose.

The noon siren.

Listening to Hun tell you about the day the noon siren went off at 11:30.

A summer theater production of *Camelot*, starring Bert Parks and Martina Navratilova; to be followed by Gary Coleman and Phil Rizzuto in *Twelve Angry Men*.

Now showing at Cinema 1: *The Eye of the Nazi*, with Donald Sutherland—adventures of the famous German spy known as "Der Nazi"; at Cinema 2: *Arlene*, with Bernadette Peters and Helen Hayes—zany alcoholic millionairess cavorts with foul-mouthed maid; at Cinema 3: *Blow Dry* ("Murder has a wave of its own")—hair stylist overhears plot to murder the memory of Alfred Hitchcock.

A high-speed fire-engine ride through town for the kids, with Marvin at the wheel.

Summer Ideas

To buy a backhoe (variously, Surf's black-and-yellow dune buggy, a brood mare, 50 uncleared mountaintop acres, a floor sander).

To quit one's job in the city, and be happy all the time.

To quit one's job in the city, open a peach stand, and be happy all the time.

To carry a 285-pound boulder back home, where it will serve as a stunningly original coffee table.

Summer Problems

Tanya Tucker and Glen Campbell—are they really kaput?

Can you recall the name of Gerald Ford's Secretary of State? Was it: a) Ramsay Clark, b) Clark Clifford, c) Clark Vance, d) Mark Clark or e) Clark Clark?

What exactly was it she said—"I want to be alone," "I want to be let alone," "Let me alone," "These sure are beautiful peaches"?

Are there enough chairs for everyone to sit outside?

Are you sure Red's wife's name is Tud?

Summer Decisions

This is the first day of the rest of my life.

The journey of a thousand miles starts with one step.

I am my own person.

I'll call her (him).

Summer Hypothesis

If only the simple, ordinary Russian and American people could meet face to face, and sit down and talk . . .

Summer Song

Joan Crawford Eyebrows ("Oh, they use you/ And abuse you").

Summer Reading

John McEnroe Sr.: *My Story*
Furniture Sexuality: The Hite Report
You and Me Against the World, by M. Gaddafi and I. Amin
David Stockman's Party Joke Book
I'll Never Forget You: Evangeline Gouletas-Carey

Summer Wisdom

There is nothing in this world like a peach.
There is nothing in this world like a lobster.
Everything tastes better cooked outdoors.
You get the worst kind of burn on a day like this.
You know, all the poets and philosophers in history can't hold a candle to this one little leaf.

And there they go—the summer memories faded almost completely now as the brain, restored, readies itself for the lions in winter. Goodbye, local peaches. Goodbye, Hun. Goodbye, Red. So the earth rolls reluctantly away from heaven, not to return for ten marvelous months. ***—By Roger Rosenblatt***

Illustration for TIME by Cathy Hull

5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.
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Winston Ultra
Only 5 mg
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
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ULTRA
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The Spirit of America

Mystic Seaport by Alfred Eisenstaedt

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